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smalltalk

Sitting in Judgment in Chicago

On the night of the national election in 1952, two members of a select city club stood looking out its windows high over Chicago's north Michigan Avenue. They listened to the reports of the vote tally being broadcast into the room.

The shorter of the two men was a judge in the Superior Court, now the Circuit Court of Cook County. He could scarcely contain the nervous and exultant-yet-apprehensive excitement of a man who reputedly contributed 50 thousand dollars to the Republican Party, funnelled — according to the circulating legend — through the skilful hands of influential Everett Dirksen, before his recent death the senior Senator from Illinois.

"This election," the little man confided to his neighbor at the window of The Tavern Club, "Could be very important to me."

The next year, 1953 — the first year of the Eisenhower administration — Judge Julius Hoffman was appointed to the Federal bench as a trial judge in the United States District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.

It is perhaps this aspect of judicial ascent, so much and so long part and parcel of the American "cash-and-carry" traditions, that makes judges so hard-nosed when they finally arrive at the unimpeachable pinnacle of the Federal bench. Perhaps it is what makes them especially sensitive to any aura of "contempt" that might emanate from those before them on whom they sit in judgment — and one is reminded easily and quickly of the scene in an old film in which Mae West was asked if she was trying to show her contempt for the court, to which she replied, "No, your honor, I'm doing my best to conceal it."

We, as educated citizens, know too much about one another these days, too much about our hallowed institutions, to vest further in any of them the blind respect for which they clamor, but all too often do not deserve.

What I have to report on Judge Hoffman and his conduct of the Chicago conspiracy case, as well as all the other comments I have to make, are quite subjective. This then is not to be read as an unbiased report. It is a biased report. It is biased in favor of justice rather than law, in favor of reality rather than pretense, and in favor of my own experience with the *now* world, rather than on attempts to drag the shackles of the 19th Century into the last half of the 20th. It is also biased by my having been present as a journalist at many of the convention week scenes on which the trial is based.

Withal, and allowing for the bias, however, let me also say that my report is objective within that subjective framework. I looked long and diligently for argument worthy of mention; I sat in the court and watched for something meaningful in the way of a case to emerge from the prosecution. I watched the judge, hoping for a flicker of something more than self-righteous, self-protective ego assertion.

Judge Hoffman himself is a hard man to find out much about, in much the same way as are important public figures on both sides of the law. Everybody knows about them, but when they learn you mean to write about it they suddenly don't know much, after all, and are quite reluctant to talk about what they do know. No one wants to be quoted.

Some facts are accessible. Judge Hoffman entered private practice upon graduation from Northwestern University with an LL.B. in 1915. His wife's family were major participants in a large corporation, The Brunswick-Balke-Collendar Company, manufacturers of pool tables and equipment, bowling alleys and supplies, phonograph records and other products. Julius Hoffman served this corporation for many years as Vice President and General Counsel, becoming an important stockholder and a wealthy man.

He belongs to four city clubs: the aforementioned Tavern Club, the Mid-Day Club, the Standard Club, and the Union League Club. One can only assume that his membership in the Union League is somewhat honorary as a Federal Judge, because the club is so near the court, and very few, if any, jews are accepted as regular members. (The Standard Club, which *is* a jewish club, is known to offer the same somewhat honorary privilege to gentile members of the Federal judiciary, as its quarters are equally close to the courthouse.) In addition to the four city clubs, and the Lake Shore Country Club, the Judge belongs to the Post and Paddock Club, which primarily assures private eating and seating arrangements for horseplayers at the Arlington Park Race Track.

Julius Hoffman has, in short, all the qualifications for a high office within the official framework of the society whose rules he has treated with diligent respect all the years of his life.

Now, at 74, the Judge sits to protect that established order against those who would alter or revise it one iota. This is not so much limited to the person of Judge Hoffman, but is generally the function of all Federal Judges, if not judges at all levels. For law seems to me to be the basic prop-

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erty of the ruling class in any society. It is devised as an agreement among those with the power to enforce it as the governing basis of their lives. It is put there by one group of people and is binding equally on everyone else — even unto much later generations — who had no voice whatsoever in its creation.

The fact that this law permits — either by statute, custom, interpretation, lack of enforcement, or selective enforcement — much that is criminal, immoral, and anti-human is so accepted in our culture that we don't even look for it anymore. It is also known that much more repressive law has been written, directed and enforced against political dissent than has been written and enforced against organized crime. Even our top law enforcement agency, the FBI, has concentrated much greater force against political deviation than against organized crime.

I feel almost silly reciting this ABC of what is common feeling among the youth, who are so much wiser than we think they are smart. But it is important to put down a few feelings of the sense of the matter.

What is at stake in the trial of what began as the "Conspiracy 8" and has now dwindled to the "Chicago 7," is perhaps the broadest and most far reaching anti-civil-liberties law of our times. It is technically known as Title 18, United States Code, Sections 371, 231(a) (1) and 2 101, and is a law against "conspiracy" to travel in interstate commerce and use the facilities of interstate commerce (telephone) with the intent to incite, organize, promote, encourage, participate in and carry on a riot and to commit acts of violence in furtherance of a riot, etc. — the details are not important.

What *is* important is that this law, like most other laws on conspiracy, is only latently dangerous to the public while it is inert. The danger lies in the catalytic action of prosecution, which is when you see how the government intends to use the law and against whom it is directed. The root of good law lies in interpretation, how the society uses it, who it invokes it against, and why. For example, it is widely believed that "conspiracy" is not so much a matter of fact, as it is a matter of climate and interpretation — which is what leads to the very popular and correct belief that this ludicrous trial in Chicago is a trial of men for their beliefs, even a trial *of* their beliefs, and is in no way a criminal prosecution based upon the commission of criminal acts.

It is this very misty framework around the trial itself, this attempt on the part of the government to prove that eight (now seven) men utilized their constitutionally protected rights, conscience, and activities — and should be put in jail for it — that destroys its credibility in the ordinary mind.

Judge Hoffman, as a result of widespread disabused belief in the rightness of anything created by fiat, has got one of the most impossible tasks ever assigned a man, even a man of earnest capability, as Judge Hoffman's record shows him to be. His position is like that of the Wizard of Oz near the end of the film, when the dog, Toto, has pulled away the curtain and revealed the wizard as a funny little man turning knobs and dials that make the great sounds, that make the impressive smoke pour out and that create the illusion which keeps people in fear and awe of the wizard. Suddenly, by the dog's action, he is discovered, revealed, and in his panic he makes the great electronic voice of "Oz" say, "Don't pay any attention to that funny little man turning all the dials . . . . . this is Oz speaking . . ." But it is too late, the lie has crumbled, and he can finally only save himself and his self-respect by coming out, owning up to his humanness, fallibility, and dealing with his supplicants as a fellow human being on an equal plane.

Of course, if Judge Hoffman could do that, they would probably take his judgeship away. But it is doubtful, in any case, that he possesses that capability.

Not that he is dumb, or inhuman. As a matter of fact his intellect is highly regarded by some very keen literary folk. The publisher of a magazine that the Chicago Post Office had refused to deliver some years ago because it contained allegedly obscene chapters of the then unpublished William Burroughs book "Naked Lunch" and some work by the late Jack Kerouac, found his intellect admirable. Judge Hoffman, who was assigned the case, studied the magazine and, in a bench opinion, rendered a decision that the objectionable sections were in the broad field of literature. The Burroughs novel, he said, was intended "to shock the contemporary society in order perhaps to better point out its flaws and weaknesses."

I was reminded by the publisher that this took place long before there was any body of criticism of Burroughs at all, and that the lengthy opinion had to be based on the Judge's understanding of the work, in which opinion he identified the merits that were later to attract the literary critics.

So it is clear that the man is not without the capabilities of understanding what is painful and new . . . . at least not if it comes in literary form between the covers of a book.

Some further preliminary notes on Judge Hoffman:

From men who have worked for, with, and around the man in the past, I learned that he is fastidious; he orders his suits from Paris and his ties from London. He is very concerned with appearance both physical and psychological.

It is impossible to overlook his short stature, and the Judge is said to be classically responsive to it. His attitude toward co-workers and employees has been characterized as "schizoid," varying in range from pleasant to unbearable. "A combination of Captains Queeg and Bligh, with Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde thrown in," was the comment of one person who didn't wish to be identified.

The Judge's "little man — big judge" paranoia comes out even in his attempts to be jocular. When he once met two well-known attorneys at the entrance to a building in which a Bar Association meeting was to be held, he greeted them by saying, "Well, here's two of my enemies."

The Judge is felt by some who

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know him to be very sensitive to opinion, both public and private, and is much motivated by the opinions of those within his circle. But I want to very carefully mention that all attorneys with whom I spoke, including those biased against him, make clear that this judge is much less subject to pressure than any on the Federal bench. At least that is my impression of what they are telling me.

(No judge, of course, is entirely free from pressure, anymore than any judge has access to the bench in a high court without making himself strong politically in one way or another. But we all have to forget, or overlook, that when we go into court.)

Judge Hoffman is doubtless endlessly concerned with the impression he makes on lawyers, on defendants, on other judges, on the public and on his political acquaintances. He enjoys being thought of, and has often repeated the phrase, as ". . . a son-of-a-bitch, but uncorruptible."

He's generally considered a "hanging judge," but the more perceptive men with whom I spoke clarify this as referring not so much to his heavy sentencing as to his open bias toward the Federal government. For example, what the press has taken notice of — that he sustains all objections of the prosecution and overrules all those of the defense — this is characteristic of his courtroom behavior.

He is said generally to regard former U. S. Attorneys who go into criminal defense as people who have sold out for money; not exactly, but almost, traitors. He considers it a personal affront when they leave the office, having learned their trade, and then ply this new trade as opposition. One assistant U. S. Attorney who had thus gone into private practice as a criminal lawyer was appearing for a defendant for the first time after some years of serving the prosecution and described his reaction this way: "I was sitting in the courtroom before the judge came in and suddenly I heard a big noise and realized that it was me, falling off Judge Hoffman's lap!"

So it can be said that his conduct in the present case differs from his normal conduct only in that he is being slightly more antagonistic than usual to the defense.

Not being from Chicago, the defense attorneys in this case do not know that when Judge Hoffman calls you "sir" it is a termination, and if you persist further you have to watch out for serious consequences. When he gets excessively formal it is a mark of extreme displeasure.

There is little question in the mind of any attorney I spoke with that the Judge will send them all to jail for contempt, no matter what happens to the case. Aside from Bobby Seale, whose case we will talk about a little later, the others will all go, too, lawyers and defendants alike.

Judge Hoffman has a great scholarly interest in the law, and a commanding grasp of the rules of evidence which is the basis of criminal law, but the subtleties of legal argument are said to pass often over his head. However, no one questions that he hears and understands every nuance of every reference to his person.

My own notes from sitting in the courtroom tend to support this latter statement. For you can see "his eyes wander across the court, called to focus in the area from which a cough or a sound comes, as if he is on eternal guard against being made a fool of, ever alert, like a coastguard patrol, against any outrage — however small — in his court. He does not really seem to listen, as if listening to the defense was undignified and beneath his station, but he does seem to have *heard*, when all is said and done."

Another time, on a separate day, my notes indicate that "he sits like a tortoise, his lids sagging over his eyes, which flicker and open at each reference to himself as 'The Court.' This is especially true when the reference is followed by a quote of his from the record. His eyes sometimes look uncomfortably at the audience, the press, the marshals, etc., to see what sort of impression is being made. He is impassive, as if in hibernation, as he listens to defense arguments to motions."

It was interesting during the trial sessions I attended, to observe a conflict between the Judge's keen sense of language and his government bias. One suspected that the reason he covered his mouth so frequently during the government arguments was to stifle yawns. Assistant U. S. Attorney Schultz particularly has a whiny schoolboy approach to argument that makes him sound almost paternalistic as he argues the protective role of law that justifies anything that will hold things together as they are. Aside from his manner and tone, his language is limp and lacklustre.

This is especially noticeable in contrast to the brilliance of both defense counsels, Messers. Kunstler and Weinglass. One senses that the Judge secretly wishes that he could have the logic and prose of the defense on the side he knows he will support. It must make a problem for the aesthetic sensibility of the judge, but it is a problem he has obviously made a decision about long ago and is prepared to accept.

It is possible that there is some concern on the part of the Judge for the defendants, and it is possible that he tries to understand fairly the essence of the matter before him; but it is much more likely that his deeper concerns lie with decorum, with the traditional obsequies of those before the bench that defined a sense of dignity in the 19th Century, and sustain the illusion for men like Hoffman to this day. For appearance and illusion, perhaps including self-deception, is very much a part of his life. It is related to the sense of tradition and history that motivates the man. He considers himself a part of the enduring story of Law. He identifies with it, and glories in the belief that his role will be part of the memory bank of those who will follow.

(Just before the old court house across the street from the present Federal Building was torn down, after Judge Hoffman had tried his last case there, he held the court before adjournment while he delivered an apparently impromptu lecture to the jurors, attorneys, clerks, and audience on the history of the old building, the famous cases that were tried there, and the famous Jurists who

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tried them.)

The impossible circumstance in the present case of conspiracy (and the diametry of the opposing forces is what makes it an impossible thing) is that both sides are, by this time, incapable of understanding each other. That is a simple sentence, but a profound matter is implied in it.

The most clear example, of course, is the relationship of the Court to Bobby Seale. Despite the Judge's protestations that he has the credentials of a liberal on race matters, having made a major desegregation decision involving a northern school district, he says that Bobby Seale is not in court as a black man, but simply as defendant Bobby Seale.

This kind of illogic persists in the face of all that is known about government attitudes toward Black Panther party leaders, multiplied by the factor of Seale's having come to Chicago to fill in for Eldridge Cleaver who could not come — his having flown in, made a ten minute speech in public and flown out again. This, plus the tremendous large-scale Black non-involvement in the convention struggle, makes it very clear to everyone who is either young, a part of the movement, or Black, that Bobby Seale's "blackness" is the *only* reason that he was in court.

Further, Judge Hoffman's sense of overkill in defense of the "dignity" of the Court is a whole racist story in itself. To even conceive of binding, gagging and forcing silence on a defendant who claims he is not represented in court involves so medieval a thought process that to impose it on a Black man in the mid-20th Century is to deny any possibility of respect.

The cost of achieving compliance in this instance required the Judge to forgo the right to continue the man's trial, a protection that should have been granted when it was first asked for by the defendant. It seems plain that the Judge has a patriotic mission to put the enemies of his friendly society in jail. Having provoked a Black man to the vocal defense of his rights, he granted the rights by declaring a mistrial. Then, to put Seale in his place for getting "uppity" about his rights, the Judge cunningly sentenced him to four years in jail in three-month installments, hoping thereby to preclude his right to appeal the sentence.

Those who feel sentimental about the dignity of the Court should think on the fact that every outburst from Seale for which he was punished began with a singleminded concern for his right to representation, a right the Judge had withheld and even had tried to "blackmail" the defense to forgo by holding four attorneys hostage until the defense agreed to ransom them with Bobby Seale's constitutional rights. Fortunately, no one wanted to make this horse trade and the Judge's dignity suffered when he had to release the attorneys — after lawyers flew in from all over the country to demonstrate against this injustice, and his bluff was called.

Having thus prodded Seale from the outset and disregarding him whenever he spoke reasonably, the anger of the jailed man had no alternative but to ooze out and he did, indeed, call the Judge names. But at most his contempt of court was one instance repeated sixteen times.

(The main thing, from my point of view, is that Seale was right. The Judge *is* a racist, in the sense that Seale implied, and he *did* deny Seale the right to counsel of his choice.

(The judge persists in his racism yet by denying bond pending appeal on the grounds that Seale has not sufficient "sense of morality" to deserve it.

(It is this recognition of a single morality, that of the Judge and of the prevailing society, which is the keystone of the entire case. The message of the court is to submit or go to jail, which is the same message that Seale, as well as most Blacks, grew up with. and the same message that led to the very existence of the Black Panther Party, and the same message that is being served on the Black Panther Party all across the country.

(It is this totalitarian call to submit, to accept a higher authority that excludes you from participation in it, that makes today so much like the Spanish Inquisition.)

When the dignity of man and the dignity of the court oppose one another in a courtroom, it is time in history for man to struggle to survive. Justice is all too infrequently and too poorly served by the letter of the law, and the Majesty of the Law which could once hold respect is turned into the Law of Majesty which is destructive to man.

The loss of dignity in this Federal court originates in the law being used here, in the fact of this prosecution, in the manner of the prosecution and in the conduct of the Court by the Judge.

If this case is successfully prosecuted and its obvious outcome successfully upheld in the higher courts, it is the end of the era in which intelligent people could be persuaded to the righteousness of their society, and the beginning of an era of government in which the cords of restraint will be used first to tie the tubes of television, and will then be tightened further on the ignorance and fear that grows in an uncommunicative society until all dissent is choked and the perfect society will then emerge, much as Hitler had envisioned it, with a select group of clear-eyed, fair-skinned people supervising the machinery and systematically killing all the "weeds" in the political garden.

At present, with the case for the prosecution not quite completed, my feeling is clearly that the Judge, who has demonstrated his shallow definition of the dignity of the court, has abased and abused the sense of justice that gives any court dignity. He then transferred his account to Bobby Seale and is sending him to jail to pay the interest. For the Judge makes errors, visibly and clearly, but is then so thin-skin shamed by having them exposed that he passes them on to someone else and changes the subject.

One example of this occurred on a day when Assistant U. S. Attorney Schultz objected to a line of questioning during Mr. Kunstler's cross-examination of a prosecution witness. Mr. Schultz became quite voluble and the Judge, feeling that Schultz was missing the very point he was trying to make, prompted him by asking, "Are you requesting that this testimony be stricken from the record?" When the

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prosecutor replied that he was not, Mr. Kunstler reminded the Judge that Schultz was not making an objection, but a speech, and that the Judge had repeatedly informed the defense that speeches could not be made in his court, only objections. The Judge denied having made the remarks (which brought a laugh from the gallery) and told Mr. Kunstler to proceed with the cross-examination. The Judge is by habit both testy and immune to admission of error.

It interested me very much to find how almost universal is the dislike for the Judge among practicing attorneys. When I told one that I was working on a piece about the Judge, he practically refused to talk to me, becoming silent. I asked him if he couldn't think of something good to say about him, something nice? "Something nice?" he replied, "Sure . . . . he won't live forever!" And that was all I could get out of him.

The reason for this feeling apparently lies in the manner in which the attorneys are treated in Hoffman's court. Stories of his verbal abuse of attorneys of outstanding reputation and long-standing careers are legion. Even the senior partners in Chicago's oldest and most respected firms have returned to their quarters chafing at the barbs levelled at them by this diminutive man whose power as Judge permits him to treat all men as schoolboys. So Kunstler and Weinglass, the defense attorneys in the conspiracy case are by no means the first such to feel the scourging tongue of the old judge, for it is said, quite properly, among lawyers in Chicago that the opponents in his courtroom are always Judge Hoffman and the defense counsel.

The Judge has what is considered practically a fetish for keeping his court calendar up to date. He does not grant extensions easily, even extensions that are agreed between defense and prosecution, without clear cause. Even then, when asked for a 30-day extension, he is more likely to grant ten.

"Justice delayed is justice denied" is a favorite reference and guidepost for the Judge. It earns him a measure of respect. Yet even his trait of promptness, strangely, is subject to government prejudice. The Judge keeps his court on such a regular schedule that one day he reminded the defense counsel that they had finally won a motion when he acceded to their request for an adjournment ten minutes early to review some evidence. However, on the eve of the Moratorium week-end in November, Judge Hoffman — when told the defendants were all going to leave for Washington — delayed adjournment capriciously some twenty-three minutes past the usual hour.

Nicholas Von Hoffman, a columnist for the Washington *Post,* was riding unrecognized in the same elevator with Judge Hoffman when he heard the Judge refer to defense counsel Weinglass as "a wild man." As a result of publishing the comment he was subpeonaed by the defense as a witness in a move for mistrial, but the Judge arbitrarily disqualified him as a witness. Asked to characterize the Judge on a radio program, Von Hoffman replied thoughtfully, "He's vain, he's pedantic, he's vindictive, he's biased . . . . . he's a 'hanging judge'!"

What seems repeatedly evident to all is Judge Hoffman's keen application of his mighty power in support of the government. "Give the government what it wants" is the sum of his reputation — a typically Chicago adaptation of the traditional and famous slogan of the original Marshall Field, "Give the lady what she wants!"

Summing up this important trial over which Judge Hoffman presides, I would say that what has characterized the widely-held concept of American Law are the protections it gives to individuals in the exercise of their broad rights. By contrast, what has characterized our widely held views of Law in totalitarian countries are the protections it gives to the government by threatening the exercise of individual rights.

And that is what makes this incredible conspiracy trial a trial *of* the law, and not a trial, in the ordinary sense, *by* the law.

—*Joseph Sander*

DONALD JUSTICE

LUXURY

You are like a sun of the tropics
Peering through blinds

Drawn for siesta.
Already you teach me

The Spanish for sunflower.
You, alone on the clean sheet.

You, like the spilt moon.
You, like a star

Hidden by sun-goggles.
You shall have a thousand lovers.

You, spread here like butter,
Like doubloons, like flowers.

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DONALD JUSTICE

WARM FLESH-COLORED ODE

It was still possible then
To imagine that no more than one or two hands
Would ever move down the face of the hour,
And that the shadow which followed
Might remain patient
And, if anything, somewhat reluctant to continue;
That no more than one or two hands
Had ever descended so far
As the shoulders of the afternoon,
And that, necessarily, they would have been bare then
Of even that shadow which, sometimes, the air itself seems
to be charged with
And to suffer from;
That no more than one or two hands surely
Would have crossed the forbidden zone
At the end of summer,
And that the sky there would be turning always from white
to pink, slowly,
And that it could no longer matter then
What shadows rose from your hollows and sank back.

And it is still possible to imagine
That there are one or two hands
Which do not know, or which do not yet know,
Anything of either that face or the shadow
Which does, after all, follow,
Or of flushed shoulders or turning sky,
Or of those particular hollows, alive
With less and less curious and impulsive shadows now;
And that there may somewhere be hands
Which will never be smeared with the very special pollen
And general muskiness of a dying summer;
And that there are probably other hands which have stopped
Or will stop or even now are shaken with premonitions
Of a time when they will have begun to stop,
And among these some which remember little or nothing
Of you and your coloring,
And some also which do not and cannot forget
Your blood upon them and your dew.

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american eye

Guam: The Horizon of Statehood

The island of Guam is less than 300 square miles in area, is further from Hawaii than Hawaii is from San Francisco, and is the home of nearly a hundred-thousand racially-mixed peoples with a variety of backgrounds and aspirations. It is also a place where change is equated with progress—but if what passes for progress continues to accelerate, this tropical island paradise will probably survive only in the travel folders.

From 1898, when it came into the possession of the United States as part of the settlement of the Spanish-American War, Guam was governed either by military men through the Secretary of the Navy or, as now, through the Secretary of the Interior. The Organic Act of Guam, which became effective in 1950, provided for a unicameral legislature elected by and from the people of Guam. In 1970, for the first time in its modern history, Guam will be electing its own governor, and already the discussion of whether Guam might become the fifty-first state of the Union makes one half believe that residents of the island are planning to vote in the next Presidential election.

Unlikely as statehood may seem, still it is not realistic to talk about Guam as though it were entirely isolated from the rest of us. It is indeed an island, but in terms of human traffic Guam is far from parochial. Surrounding Guam in an area roughly equivalent to that of the continental United States are more than two thousand islands which make up what is known as the Trust Territories of the Pacific Islands. These islands are held in trust by the United Nations, but their administration is the responsibility of the U. S. Department of the Interior. Between World War I and World War II they were under the control of the Empire of Japan, and before that under the rule of Germany—a multi-national history which may be one reason why they are more aware of the rest of the world than the rest of the world is aware of them, and why a smug provincial attitude is unknown in the Trust Territories. Difficult as it is to conceive of a fifty-first state closer by 1500 miles to Japan, China, and the Philippines than to Hawaii, statehood for the Islands of the Trust Territories is also frequently spoken of, but the matter of their becoming a state is even more complex than it is for Guam.

It is the Congress of the United States which decides matters of statehood for those territories which wish to be considered for it, and few of the basic requirements traditionally associated with this change in political status could be met by either Guam or the Trust Territories alone. The most reasonable suggestion so far is that the Marianas Islands, of which Guam is the largest and southernmost, should integrate to form one political unit. This is sensible for two reasons: the people speak the same language and, in many instances, they are members of the same family. It is also significant that the northern Marianas are better organized agriculturally, while Guam is turning its attention to more urban interests. But even if this development were to take place it is doubtful that the present non-military, racially-complex population of native Guamanians, Filipino laborers, stateside contract teachers, and (in the future) the Japanese businessman and the Hong Kong refugee will ever be able to meet the fiscal obligations of statehood without adopting measures which will ravish the land, abuse the freedom of the individual, and finally destroy the relationship—idyllic, romantic and biologically necessary—between man and his environment. This sort of destruction has already begun.

In 1964 Guam was largely undeveloped. In the months since the spring of 1968 new hotel construction has tripled, with the money coming from Japanese, Greek, and American interests; the Japanese are involved in a growing number of business interests in Guam; the addition of four major banks brings the island's total to four; contracts have been let which will make Guam the Tomato Paste Capital of the western Pacific. This commercial growth is accompanied by the other trademarks of civilization—traffic jams, air and water pollution, and serious proposals to build Los Angeles-style clover leafs. It is difficult for those of us who have been appalled by such developments in the U. S. to understand that for Guam they are a matter of pride. Today on Guam the tide of battle is in favor of those who turn palm leaves into cash and, as one hotel has done, cover the sandy beach with concrete.

One factor contributing to Guam's campaign of progressive destruction is a local sense of having been deprived. The Guamanians have American citizenship yet they don't feel the advantage of it—primarily because of their obviously lower standard of living and the higher cost—by about 30%—of achieving it. The symbols they choose to disguise their sense of inferiority are those whose values created Miami Beach, Las Vegas and the Waikiki strip.

Retired Admiral Carlton B. Jones, now executive vice-president of the Guam Chamber of Commerce, says, "Guam could not—cannot—afford to become a state; what with less than 70,000 population, the state taxes collected would have to be so high as to be prohibitive in order to afford the most frugal administration." It

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is for such reasons as this that Guam is frantically looking for other sources of revenue. One of the more obvious places to which it is turning is the tourist market, now largely made up of Japanese and Australian visitors. Another source may be gambling. The evils of the first are already showing their effects on the landscape as more tourist facilities are conceived. If and when gambling is legalized, its peculiar by-products will soon infect the characters of the people already devoted to cock-fighting. The Guamanian people will be involved in both these enterprises largely as servants, bellhops, drivers, waitresses, and hotel maids. They will fill peripheral occupations, which are demeaning because they are jobs based solely on the need to survive in an environment of privilege, plenty, and boredom.

By and large, legislators, business men, and university students applaud the efforts to create the appearance of progress, the look of the up-to-date and the symbols of respectability. Not many of these people wish to face up to the second-order problems created as by-products of the solutions to the first ones. An entirely reasonable way for Guam to develop might be in the direction of an intelligently conceived man-made paradise, yet one of the largest and fastest growing scars on Guam is being created in direct contradiction to this notion of paradise. The Hawaiian Rock Company is mining—digging the guts out of Guam—the very coral which *is* Guam, the structure upon which the entire island depends. The process of cannibalizing the island is destroying the mountain backdrop to one of the most exquisitely beautiful bays this, or any other part of the world, can boast of—the Bay of Uchanao. Ironically enough, the coral mined in this way goes into the manufacture of concrete blocks used in the construction of private dwellings, the great majority of which are placed so closely together that an hibiscus is lucky if it can have a companion. While people are crowded into this suburban version of "paradise," the commercial enterprises are likely to be located in undisturbed valleys and on cliffs above the bays. At the same time the Guamanian hunter contributes his share to the impoverishment of his island by burning the jungles in quest of a species of deer highly valued as a food on special occasions—and in a location where there are religious festivals every week, the special occasions are numerous. As a result of these kinds of behavior, the areas of erosion on Guam have doubled just in the past year-and-a-half. Even the pleasure of skin-diving is fast being destroyed by tens of thousands of the Crown of Thorns starfish, a spiny, sixteen-armed creature called the Acanthaster which, until a few years ago was a rarity. Now it covers, two and three layers deep, vast areas of a once richly protean reef which is now dead and open to the ravages of the great Pacific surf. (Guam itself may someday physically disappear—as may several other islands between Guam and Australia—with the deterioration of the Great Barrier Reef.)

Meanwhile, Guam may some day replace Hong Kong as the center for trade and finance in the Western Pacific and Asian markets. With the facilities of its new commercial port it may replace Hawaii and California as the "gateway to the Orient." What else might Guam become? "As the Pacific rim nations reach to attain higher living standards, as industrialized nations need to expand, and as United States business and industry takes greater advantage of overseas markets, Guam will become an even more important commerce center." In the view of the Nixon-appointed Governor, Carlos Camacho, Guam is seen as "the center of one big Pacific Community." (The Trust Territory response to Guam's pretensions is not flattering: "We aren't Guamanians; we don't want to be Guamanians." Lurking in the corners are the fears that Guam will become a community of barbarians, dominating economically and politically the entire Trust Territory—a fear which may well have some substance.)

The one institution which could lend some wisdom to a people intent on getting someplace is the University of Guam. The reasons strong and intelligent voices haven't come from that institution stem primarily from the fact that it is a political institution and not an academic one. Second in importance is the fact that the past, the present, and probably any future administration of that University will be ham-strung by the same fears and cautions which characterize ineptitude everywhere. The current president of the University, Dr. Antonio Yamashita, has the vision but not the courage to make this institution a university. The Vice-President for Academic Affairs, the prestigious Dr. Andrew Shook, has neither the vision nor the energy for the taking of risks—and will not defend those of his faculty who do. Differences of opinion on crucial professional matters are settled into silence by the statement that "the governor doesn't want it." Whether or not the governor wanted it may never ever really be known. In spite of this obvious lack of academic freedom James Halliday, Head of Guam's Economic Development Association, can truly claim that Guam is "first in educational level throughout the Western Pacific Island Community"—if he forgets that there is a University of Malaysia at Kuala Lampur (which "has offices for its faculty the size of Guam's classrooms"). If higher education on Guam competes with stateside standards, it does so only because the "leading" Guamanian families send their children to the States.

Guam is seen as a racial melting pot, but it is not a successful one. There are gang wars among the major ethnic groups: Guamanians, Filipinos, Palauans, and stateside servicemen. Between November of 1966 and January of 1967 an informed serviceman explained to me why the sale of sidearms increased among Naval personnel; there had been eight attempts in a period of two or three months to castrate American servicemen, and in at least one of these attempts the guilty parties were not Guamanians, but white island residents. Even on a less violent note, statesiders find it difficult to overlook the legal discrimination by race which was written into the Organic Act of Guam. With the passage of the Elective Governor Bill,

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racial discrimination will not longer be legally sanctioned.

But assuming there are great opportunities on Guam, should we be considering the formal extension of American society to the eastern edge of Asia? Speculations about the future of this part of the world could form a bouquet of several political alliances. 1. In spite of some international legal and political difficulties, it it expected that the Northern Marianas would prefer to join with Guam and later, with Guam, to enter as a state of the Union. 2. A member of the Australian Parliament has recommended that in the 1970's New Zealand would do well to think in terms of aligning herself with the United States, and that in the 1980's Australia should consider doing the same. Senator Fulbright agrees that the possibility of New Zealand and Australia affiliating with the United States in the 1980's "has breathtaking implications," and, at least from the point of view of the Trust Territories, it is clear that a form of joint sponsorship of them by New Zealand, Australia, the Philippines and Japan —as well as the United States—in a combination which might be called the United States of the Pacific has a certain value. 3. At the moment there are many in the Trust Territories, especially in Palau, and a growing number in Ponape who, if there were to be a referendum today, would choose to go under Japanese administration. They feel that the *only* sphere in which the Americans have excelled in the administration of these territories is in the field of education. 4. The Congress of Micronesia has supported the idea of developing an alliance with the United States which would be similar to that of Puerto Rico, which has commenwealth status in free association with the mainland. But this development is threatened by repeated requests made by the Palauans through the United Nations that the United States refrain from using their territories as military bases.

At the present time there are few statesiders who have interests in Micronesia of the sort which would make them staunch supporters for statehood. In any case, what Admiral Jones noted about Guam's difficulties would be ten times truer for the Trust Territories, whose largest exportable product, copra, brings in only two million dollars a year.

When Senator Jackson's committee visited Guam to hold public hearings on the matter of the Elective Governorship Bill, it was announced that anyone interested could make arrangements to testify before the committee. I attended those meetings in spite of the fact that no other contract employee did so while I was there. Discretion counseled that I say nothing, but what I observed was little less than an attempt to influence the democratic process through a form of blackmail involving the purchase of democratic rights with the blood of relatives who had fought and died in various American wars. I felt increasingly distressed as speaker after speaker emphasized Guam's right to elect its own governor and buttressed this argument with the fact that he had lost a father, an uncle, or a brother—as though the United States were some Moloch which would grant wishes if served the blood of children.

Besides such fervency, there appears to be a sense of urgency in some of the actions of politically-minded Guamanians. This could be a reflection of the prediction one statesider made concerning the political future of the Guamanian—that the Guamanians, as a group, would eventually be squeezed out of both politics and business. True there are some immigration rulings which favor the importation of Filipino laborers over hiring of the local Guamanian, but it is the Guamanian—in his indifference to training, ignorance of quality, and dependence upon a rampant nepotistic system—who has made his ouster as an effective labor force inevitable. No foreign contracts can be let unless it can be proved that there is not competent help available among the local inhabitants. It is this general lack of developed talent and the absence of both energy and interest on the part of the Guamanian which also encourages, at considerable expense, the importation of the stateside contract teacher.

In the end, it is apparent that the question of statehood for Guam is a complex and unresolved one. The time may never arrive when Guam alone would be able to satisfy every traditional measure used to determine the readiness of an applicant to be admitted to the Union. It may be that in the case of Guam these requirements can be shown to be unrealistic, inadequate and archaic. The one area of dignified effort where it *could* be possible for Guam, with its present limited land, labor, and natural resources, to make a significant contribution to the United States and to Asia is in education. This education should be a very special sort enriched by an active, resourceful and international faculty, living amid natural beauty and devoted to a consideration of the quality of human life. If this machinery were put into effective operation—if it is not already too late in Paradise—there should be no question of Guam's value to the United States.

—Paul Henrickson

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Kaul

A Look Back into the Present

It is May, 1940. The place is England. The people of Britain are gathered before their radio receivers, waiting to hear their new prime minister deliver a report on the war. Finally, through the static, comes the firm, confident voice of the nation's leader:

My fellow Britons. Tonight I would like to talk to you about a subject that concerns all of us—the war in Europe. There's been a lot of loose talk lately, much of it by self-styled intellectuals, about the war not going too well for us. Some have even gone so far as to suggest that we make an immediate unilateral withdrawal from the continent. Well, I'd just like to say this about that.

I have not become the King's First Minister in order to bug out of Dunkirk.

I believe that one of the reasons for the deep division in this nation concerning the war in Europe is that many Britons have lost confidence in what their government has told them about our policy. Many believe that Prime Minister Chamberlain was guilty of hyperbole when he promised peace in our time.

In any case, I would like to answer some of the questions that I know are on the minds of many of you listening to me.

How and why did England get involved with the Nazis in the first place?

How has this government changed the policy of the previous government?

What really happened in the negotiations at Munich?

Will historians, looking back at this moment, say "This was the greatest hour since creation?"

Let me begin by describing the situation I found when I took office last week.

The war had been going on for several weeks.

We had no concrete peace proposal.

Some 400,000 Britons were fighting in France with no plans to reduce the number.

The program to have the French gradually take over the fighting of the war was behind schedule.

In view of these circumstances there were some who urged I immediately evacuate our troops without regard to the consequences. This, of course, would have been the easy thing to do, the politically popular thing to do. Some of my advisors put it quite bluntly: If you allow those 400,000 young men to be killed and captured you're going to damage your image. Let history not record that in its time of greatest trial, Britain was led by a man who did the popular thing—save the British army.

Let us consider the result of a precipitate withdrawal of all British troops from Dunkirk.

It would inevitably result in the overthrow of the French government.

It would bring our sacred honor into question.

It would encourage recklessness in the councils of those great powers who have not yet abandoned their goals of world conquest.

It would make me look bad.

Far more practical, I think, is my plan for the phased withdrawal of troops from the mainland. I have not and do not intend to announce the timetable for our program. As I have indicated on several occasions, the rate of withdrawal will depend on developments on three fronts:

The level of Nazi activity in France.

The progress of the training program of French forces.

The willingness of Adolf Hitler to surrender unconditionally at the negotiating table.

We must retain the flexibility to base each withdrawal decision on the situation as it is at that time, rather than on estimates no longer valid.

However, I want to be crystal clear on one point. Berlin could make no greater mistake than to assume that an increase in violence will be to its own advantage. Should Germany act in a way that jeopardizes our forces, I shall be forced to unleash Charles De Gaulle.

Even assuming the very worst projections given us by the war ministry, there are things we can do. What are they? Well, we can fight them. Where:

1—on the beaches
2—on the landing grounds
3—in the field and in the streets
4—in the hills

In Coventry a few weeks ago, I saw this sign: "He who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day." To those of you who feel like that, I'd like to say this:

We didn't get to be the British Empire being intimidated by superior force of arms. We got to be the British Empire by intimidating poorly armed savages. Yet the Germans have repeatedly rejected our offers to take them into the Commonwealth.

The way I have chosen is not the easy way. It is not the right way. It is my way.

And so tonight—to you, the great silent majority of my fellow Britons—I ask for your support. What can I offer you? Only:

1—Blood
2—Toil
3—Tears
4—Perspiration

I have chosen a plan for peace. I believe it will succeed.

If it does succeed, what the critics say now will not matter. If it does not succeed, anything I say then will not matter.

Good night, and if you've agreed with what you've heard tonight, why don't you send me a telegram?

—Donald Kaul

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The second (and concluding) part of an interview with Mr. Cage, recorded in April while he was in residence at the University of Illinois. The interviewers: Don Finegan, Ralph Haskell, and Ralph Koppel, whose own contributions to the conversation have been for the most part condensed into the bold headings which help account for the composer's remarks. Mr. Cage has recently completed a brief residency at the Davis campus of the University of California.

JOHN CAGE

THINGS TO DO

Further Thoughts on "Value" and Experience

Can [students] experience things without having to value them is a blunt way of saying it, and I think they can. And I think they'll be able to experience them more openly in a greater variety of ways if the notion of valuing them is removed. In education—at least when I went to school; you may be more liberated now—you weren't allowed to value Shakespeare, for instance, in your own way. You had to value it in the jury's way or the teacher's way. And this is unfortunate. It has the effect for many people of removing any interest in Shakespeare. Because Shakespeare simply then becomes the subject of an examination, and not of an experience. He becomes a path to a degree or something like that, which isn't Shakespeare at all. So I'd say get rid of examinations. I think that if things are going to be criticized and looked at, they should be looked at not by a jury but by all the people; and that one very good practice that's developing now is not to hand in the papers to the teacher—one wants to lose the distinction of teacher and student and to simply develop the notion of a society which has young people, older people, inexperienced people, experienced people, all willing to help one another. They have now much to give to one another. The teachers can learn much from the students. Just as the students can on occasion learn something from the teachers. But mutual learning will take place better if the distinction is obscured. It can only be obscured if the students give their work to themselves as well as to the teacher. And then have surveys taken of what people's reactions were today, if you wanted to know them, rather than making judgments. More and more one would get busy if the university permitted people to be busy not doing particular things, but doing many things. Then there will be less and less time for foolishness like evaluating and talking about something that is already done.

The example of this that I sometimes give are the Anarchists in the Ohio farming community in the last century who were so busy working that they didn't bother with any meetings to talk. They didn't have anything to talk about because everything was being done. The example is from a beautiful book called *Men against the State*, and it's a survey of American philosophical anarchism in the 19th Century. With the conclusion—among the things that are concluded—the fact that anarchism at the time the book was written was more or less defunct politically, but was still visible in the manifestos of artists in which the spirit, the anarchist spirit, is still alive. But you feel it in Thoreau's "Essay on Civil Disobedience" where he says the best government will be that which is no government at all. The best university will be that which is no university at all. And [Buckminster] Fuller says we want a university from which we never graduate. There is no question of graduating because the whole society has turned into a university—and what university is that? It's a place where one is allowed to do research on one hand, invention, creation, etc., and or all these things to affect one another and so make society lively. And if it were a good university who would want to graduate from it?

We say we don't want to die, you know. And we would like them to figure out how we can live longer. To make us so that that is true, so that we really do want to live longer.

Telling Teachers from Students without a Program

I think one should have a file, available night and day—twenty-four hour access—of ideas given both by the faculty and by the student body in the university situation. You might think of other files; I think especially of one. Things to do. Things that need to be done. As though the world were a house—which it is—

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that we're all living in and it's in a bad way—and it really is. I think it really needs "cleaning up", you know; fixing up, so it works. And there are all kinds of other things to do. And if people jotted these down and then cross-referenced them—where a given thing to do crops up in several different fields so that you could happen upon it in this file, not just in one place, but in all the places that it really had reference to—that thought would become enormously stimulating to the whole community. And there could be things to do that went all the way from being practical to being impractical, which would involve—if they were accomplished—invention, etc. I get that notion from the classes of Jon Dieges and Edwin Schlossberg in Comprehensive Design Science following Fuller's ideas; they did it first at the University of Southern Illinois, and then one went to Berkeley and the other went to Columbia and they continue their work in these places. Their attempt has been to get the whole group in the class into such a state of activity and excitement about the things that they're doing that they, the teachers, become virtually useless and can then join in the activity that the students are already in.

You see, there are some obvious things that teachers have to learn from the students. And curiously enough they're what the teachers used to be teaching the students: reading, writing, and arithmetic. Very few of the teachers any longer know how to do any of these three things in terms of the computer. Whereas many of the students do, because it's their baby, so to speak. Whereas it came after *we* were grown up so we don't know anything about it; in fact, we're a little bit frightened by it. We need help—and whose help? Very possibly the help of the students to do our programming. Maybe. Now what can we give them? And when we ask ourselves that question we really wonder. Mostly, they don't need anything from us and would like us to have something to do. Let us say for us to be students, too, which is what I think the subtitle of Fuller's book is—"Returning the Teacher to His Studies."

Koppel: Don't they need us just merely as a disguise or an excuse for being in a certain place?

Well, that's the attitude that life consists of games, and that was necessary when there were boundaries. In fact you can't play a game unless you *do* have boundaries and *do* have signs that this place is not this other place. That this university is not downtown. This university is not a t.v. set. Except on occasion when the program is "educational." But it will be better if we stop playing that game. If, for instance, the religious spirit instead of taking place just because there are a bunch of priests around takes place as it did with Thoreau, walking naked, as he did, in a stream in the middle of Concord; did you know that? That was one of the things he did in Concord that made his "religious" neighbors a little upset.

An Exclamatory Dialogue

Koppel: Not long ago ten students got thrown out of Grinnell College.

Cage: For doing that?

Koppel: Well, for a different purpose. They took off their clothes at meeting with a representative of *Playboy* magazine as a protest against *Playboy's* use of the human body, and they all got busted out of school.

Cage: They did!

Koppel: I think they had civil action taken against them.

Cage: They did, really?

Koppel: It's against the statutes, I guess.

Cage: It is! Isn't it strange that our bodies, which are so close to us, should be so forbidden?

Haskell: But how far do you take this idea? Only into the arts? How does it fit in with social responsibility, as in training the doctor, training the engineer . . .?

When Two plus Two Is Five

But then we have our heads to use and we should use them. I gave the illustration of the telephone and the water faucet and there will be areas that require another attitude than the one I'm suggesting, but certainly all this will have to do with the mind, and changing it—which is, say: philosophy, religion, mythology, arts, and then psychology; I suppose sociology, the enjoying of nature through the sciences. But then science is at that point of the naming of things. Taxonomy in botany is something like the telephone, organization has to take place; otherwise the telephone is of no use to us. If we give names to all the various mushrooms, then we ought to find some way of knowing which mushroom is which, and this is the thing people are working on now with the computer. The previous taxonomies have been hopelessly inefficient at being useful, so we're trying to get useful ones. And where that kind of practicality is of the essence— and is otherwise foolishness—there we need organized ways of doing things. But in all the rest of human activity I think that the E.E. Cummings title might be an inspiration—Two plus two *Is Five*. It's at that point where all the rationality is precisely a nuisance and it is of no service to us and ought to be put down under, as Norman O. Brown says, as though in a sewer, where we don't have to even think about it.

The Charm of an Old-Fashioned Classification

No, you're right, and it must be kept, too. There's no need to throw it away, but, nevertheless, computer facilities will make further classification and will give us more competence; to know that a particular plant is such-and-such. So that if we want to be, as I do, eating wild mushrooms, then we won't kill ourselves. But I think that if we lived in a situation where all the things that work *worked*—the utilities—then we could really be quite anarchistic, and if that is what we are, when we are—well it goes without saying, that is what we are and we are anarchists. At least when we're creative. You could almost define art as criminal action. And certainly not as playing games. And yet much modern art does play games. Some play games because they aren't giving any thought either to art or to games, I think. And generally the result doesn't seem to be lively. Because the game is nothing but following the rules and seeing who wins.

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Artists and Politicians as Gamesters

I think there's something else in what are called "happenings," where for instance, there are five people and each one does one thing. Like one stands on his head, and nothing else. And another crawls on the floor and nothing else. Another sits in the corner tearing up papers. I don't know whether you'd call that a game. Or maybe you would have to set up some rules that when such-and-such a thing happens, the one who was tearing paper moves to some place else, or exchanges tearing paper with the one who is crawling. The following of such rules seems to me to produce what I'm calling a game and not a life-like situation; it's this other, the creeping-in of organization where it doesn't belong, with the end result of making it unlifelike, you know, unintroductory to one's life experiences which *aren't* games.

It's becoming more evident that politics consists of games. And that the partners change, and so on. And that the people we used to like—for instance, when I was young we liked the Chinese very much, and my uncle, who couldn't have been more conservative, thought the Japanese were terrible, and he was rather pleased when the Japanese seemed to more people to be terrible. And the Chinese, good. But now it's changed the other way; fortunately the poor man is dead, so he doesn't have to be confused—as I'm sure he would have been, because he was opposed to Communism to begin with; but then to have to be opposed to the Chinese for that reason . . . . I think much in our society becomes endurable if it's realized that it's a game; and not more serious than that, even though many are evil games with evil consequences. But I think we must change to a society which sees that we are facing problems which require solutions, and that, as we ought to know by now, they include our minds. The problems range all the way from enjoying life—I say that in relation to our minds—to relating the world's resources to the world's people so that everyone has what he needs to live—we can call that making the World Mind work.

Loud and Soft; "Music" and "Sound"

I have always sought out loud sounds, when I can find them, and I have asked people to make them louder . . . . and most people do run away from those situations. They put their fingers in their ears or protect themselves, something like that. I didn't find it necessary. The loudest one I think I heard was in a research center for architecture near London. They had a reverberation chamber and I was able to hear very low sounds very very loud. And I kept indicating I wanted it louder; finally, it was as though I was being massaged by the sound. It was quite a marvelous experience. Because the Japanese aesthetician, when I talked to him about hearing with the ears, you know, he said: "Remember that one can also hear with his feet."

What distinction I could draw between music and sound is: if I rent a car and when I put on the brakes they squeak and the whole car shakes, then the squeak is indicative of some malfunctioning of the car, and so stops me from using my aesthetic faculties. But otherwise I would include the very same sound if it didn't have all those other danger signals connected with it.

After we like loud things, then, of course, we can get interested in very soft things.

What's a Nice Chap like You Doing in a Place like This?

I have no formal contact with the students at all, and I stay quite a bit away from the university [of Illinois] and don't even present myself. It was controversial whether to invite me here in the first place, and the faculty and the music school was divided, as you can imagine; some thought that if I came it would be a disaster, and others thought it would be very good. And I think in the end I disappointed everyone. Although I'm not pushing myself forward, some students make their way over here, and one of them, I recall, last year even expressed a kind of gratitude to me for not teaching. He said, "I hear that you're going to teach next year," and there were some people who said Why should he be here if he's not doing anything in the way of teaching? And I said, "Well, I don't think I'll do it." Then he said, "I think that it's very good not to." They know that I'm here and if they wish to see me, they can, and if they don't need to, they don't have to. And I put up a sign saying "Anyone who wants to see me, may." Which they don't read. People read less and less of those notices, you know.

Except, one day I got a note from a student saying he would like to meet me any time that I wished—you know, that I was free. So I replied and said that he could call and that I was free most any time, and he hasn't called. Peculiar, isn't it?

In Praise of Speculations

I think we have to keep our eyes and ears open to try and discover what it is that society is going to be like. As we go along. I don't think we can say that we *know*. When I was saying that getting together might be preferable to having privacy, that's like a guess, you know, but it seems to be a useful guess since it could decrease the loneliness.

I've read so many articles in praise of privacy, and against the technology, actually, on the grounds that it would invade privacy. That it would enable, for instance, the police and the government to listen in on the telephone—and I pay no attention to that because I think that if we're going to survive, we won't have those police and governments. We won't be able to. The kind of function they perform is not useful.

Nobility and Technology

Indian music seems to me to go over the head rather than through it. The Indians themselves don't think they should listen to it unless they understand it, you know. And the listening is considered to be as high an art as performing so that a concert could be given to one person without any embarrassment on anyone's part. There just not being any more people who could listen to that was the idea. But our present world doesn't admit of such nobility. I think that as we combine the realiza-

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tions of the Orient with our realizations through technology, that we'll get a really marvelous society.

Performers: Need They Dress Formally . . .

They're just relating to the previous, aren't they? It's also a little bit of comic costume. This is a possibility. It could be comic, revolutionary. It could be an attempt to give stature to what the public might consider debatable as music. I did it originally. Well, the first concerts I gave, I gave in unconventional costume. The girls had blouses and skirts, the men had shirts and slacks. That was all. Then when I gave my first percussion concert in '43 at the Museum of Modern Art, we all dressed up formally and I think it was an attempt to say that, too, was music. Then I dropped all that.

. . . Or Could They Be Heard and Not Seen?

Fortunately, I had an experience very early about this. I had organized four people to rehearse to play professionally, and we did all kinds of odd things to make sounds. I invited my mother to come hear it, and she said she thought the sounds were very interesting, but all the things we were doing to produce them were very distracting, and that she would like to hear it without seeing those distractions. So we pulled the curtain across. Then when people heard the music, they said, it's very nice but we wonder how in heaven you make the sounds.

A Comment on Rhythm

If we listen to the sounds around us we don't perceive the rhythms that we associate with music, or, as you say rhythmic patterns, in fact we can't observe any patterns—or if we do we tend to turn to someone near us and say, "Did you notice that?" It's like a coincidence that suggests a pattern, or the coming together of two different beats that haven't been together. As you know, I like that very much. I make, for the most part, situations in which that ordinary rhythmic pattern doesn't exist. It goes all the way from the simplicity of that to the complexity of some of the others. What will happen in the performance in this situation is so multiple that it no longer matters, in terms of this, which situation doesn't have rhythm. Having it will seem like not having it. What is characteristic of our conventional serious music is that it doesn't have much rhythm.

Have you seen the book on notations that was just published? This is the collection that I made for the Foundation of Contemporary Performance Arts. Painters had given the Foundation paintings and they had been sold and so we got money for music, theater, and dance, and so on. Then I thought of this project of collecting musical manuscripts, hoping that musicians could help themselves by ultimately selling it to a university or to a library, and then using the money to support the works of the musicians, dancers, and performing artists. And the book has this character that I've been speaking about of no value judgment placed—so that in one and the same collection, there are good things and what people would say are poor things. And there are things of all kinds, and they're not organized into any categories. So that it's like those aquariums where all of the fish are in one big tank. As a result I think it's very beautiful. And then the text is mainly different intensities of type faces, like music notation which has light and dark in it.

An Aside on the Visual Arts . . .

Well, my two closest friends among artists are [Robert] Rauschenberg and [Jasper] Johns. And I knew many of the other painters, but my kind of family attachment is to Rauschenberg and Johns. And then I always admired Duchamp so much that I couldn't speak straight, and about four or five years ago, I asked him to teach me chess, so I often was with him in his last years, and I love his work very much. Originally, I had liked abstract painting, and particularly Mondrian. And then it was Rauschenberg who opened my eyes to the possibility of something that wasn't abstract and then it's been so interesting because it was then Johns. I see Johns now more than any of the others. I like, let's see, the ones since then—I think Claes Oldenberg.

. . . And Is There a Connection?

Yes, I think so. One example with me is that my next project if I do do it—sometimes I have projects I don't do—is to make as realistically as possible a thunderstorm. To take an actual thunderstorm and to measure it and then to use the ten thunderclaps in *Finnegans Wake* and have them actually sung. To have components, electronic components, made so that what the singers sing is transformed to fill up the envelope of the actual thunderclaps is the idea. And to have the strings pizzicato, which will make raindrops and the rain falling on different materials because the thunderclaps in *Finnegans Wake* are a history of civilization's technologies leading to the final thunderclap which is the electronic technology. Well, that is, to my mind, a response to Jasper Johns' beercans. Because it sets out to make something. Which is as much as possible this other thing.

Getting along with Controls

We're certainly going to have controls of one kind or another, but if we could put them, get them placed some place where we wouldn't notice them, that would be the goal of society, don't you think? I don't notice for instance all the control they put into making the telephone. And nobody tells me what to say over the phone. And I don't notice the whole history of plumbing and everything when I turn on the faucet, but it is there. What I don't want is to get involved in it politically. The value judgment thing is the political idea. Like all the value judgment that runs through the university teaching. It's political.

The great trouble with the university is that they limit hours, schedule classes. Arranging things so that you run from one thing to the other like an idiot. The very first thing you should think of doing in a university is not to schedule things, because that isn't the way people live. The only time you should do that in your living is when you have to make a train or an airplane or something; then you have to get there on time. But the rest of the time you don't have to do that.

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Living Long Enough

I'm in a very funny position. What I do and say and so forth has become of interest to people. It would be much better had it not. But it did. And I think it's actually a result of my having lived a long time. Relatively. For instance, when Thoreau lived, no one was interested. He went to Boston to give a lecture and only two people showed up. And I think the reason is that he didn't live long enough. He died at the age of 44. I think the only reason I'm well known and so forth is that I've lived longer. Had I died at 44 I surely would be quite unknown. And yet I would have done much as I've done. The Chinese say the best thing to do is to leave no traces. To remain unknown. And Thoreau says the same thing. He's very grateful for the fact that he was not known. Of course, now he isn't unknown but he was during his life. He didn't have the experience of being well known. I try to save myself in my situation by not knowing anything about what I'm going to do next, so it's as though I was just beginning. And so I have no problems.

Things Not to Do?

I'm afraid that suggests this value business. I don't so much like that. I'm sure that within the category of things to do would be things that would be found very repugnant by some. All the things to do would include things not to do, seen from other points of view. Don't you think? If I said, well, here's one thing that I think is very important, very few other people may think it important. Discover for sure how many pieces of Furniture Music Satie wrote. I mean: end the matter. Just find out. Now that may not be important to anyone. I came here bearing gifts to this university. I brought three pieces of Satie's Furniture Music. That I had with difficulty found. And I went straight to John Garvey who has in general been interested in music. Chapters are written in any book on Satie about his Furniture Music. None of it is published and I had it right there. I gave it to him. It was of no interest to him. He returned it to me. There was no interest here. It simply hasn't been performed here. So seeing that, I performed it at Mills in California when the occasion arose and I'll do it at Davis again. but I would like to know if Satie wrote any more. Then, of course, I want to find out how he wrote those beautiful pieces. And could that give people ideas about what to do next and so on? And this is how many projects will be that anyone will have. My project here sounds rather esoteric. If you went through the town here, where there are a hundred thousand people. you might find four people, who thought it was a good thing to do. Milhaud doesn't know how many pieces of Furniture Music Satie wrote.

I asked him, and I asked Henri Sauguet, and I asked all the people who'd written books on Satie. It is a very difficult problem to solve. Not one of those people devoted to Satie took the matter seriously.

A Lesson from the Computer

I came here. The idea was that I would have a programmer, and I never met him until about six months had passed so that work began with Jerry Hiller doing the programming. He's a composer. So shortly I realized that his ideas were entering into the piece and that it should be a collaboration, and if it were, he would be much more interested in it—and all of those suppositions proved to be true. So that the work I made here is a collaboration with him. He did the programming about which I learned absolutely nothing. I learned to punch cards. I have vague ideas and I have general notions about computer science, but I can't program.

You know what you think, or you think you know what you think, and so you have to translate what you think so the computer can think it and do it. In doing that you make mistakes, so that each mistake you make shows that you don't know how you think, or you haven't thought it out clearly enough. I think they're mostly mistakes of not realizing that we go back to zero. That is to say we wipe our heads clean, so to speak, before we have the next idea. This is one of the serious mistakes in our notion of how we think; "bugs" enter the program. Or we forget. Do you know programming at all? Well, it apparently deals with a screen that either has some information on it or not, and if it has some then that has to go away before any more can come on it. I think that must happen in our heads. And we don't know that. Because we leap from one thing to another. We make connections and forget that we go to zero before we come to the next idea. That's one of the problems. I haven't thought it out very much but I suspect that you could make a criticism of some kinds of thinking or so-called thinking or composition or art even, on the basis that it had been made without knowing what it was doing. That is to say without going back to zero. There is a beautiful book which influenced me very much. It's a book called *Neti Neti*. Did you ever run across it? It stems from oriental thought and it concerns what they call "the nothing-in-between." There is something in creation which is so to speak, nothing, and there is nothing which hasn't so to speak, "nothing" in it. It can be seen in Fuller's terms: these spheres with the necessary space between them which we tend to forget. We tend to think always as though we were leaping from one thought to another and making connections. Those connections are virtually impossible.

I don't know. I'd have to think about this a lot more. I don't know whether even these thoughts are correct—but I suspect that they are.

CORRECTIONS

The NAR wishes to apologize for two errors of fact which crept into the transcript of the first half of this interview (Fall 1969). The film company referred to on page 17 is the Once group; and Mr. Cage spent time with the late Marcel Duchamp not in Germany —as suggested also on page 17—but at the artist's home in Gerona.

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Better known as a novelist—THE HOUND OF EARTH, THE VIOLATED, *and* THE MAN WHO KNEW KENNEDY, *among others—and as a sometime author of television scripts, Vance Bourjaily collaborated with a University of Iowa colleague, Tom Turner, on the making of the opera whose libretto appears below.* $4000 *premiered in Iowa City last spring; it now premiers in the* NAR, *with our helpless apologies to Mr. Turner that we are not wired for sound.*

$4000

An Opera in Five Scenes by Vance Bourjaily

Time: The present.

Scenes:
1. A construction camp in Georgia. 10 p.m.
2. The swamp nearby. 2 a.m. the following morning
3. The lobby of a small, rundown hotel. 8 a.m.
4. Telephones. 8 a.m.
5. The lobby. 10 a.m.

Cast

Members of the crew:
Al Ryder, a surveyor (dramatic tenor)
Pill Donovan, the foreman (baritone)
Bert Tannenbaum, Al's friend (baritone)
First Poker Player (tenor)
Second Poker Player (baritone)
Third Poker Player (bass)

For the construction company:
Harry, the paymaster (tenor)

On their own behalves:
Sally Anne, a local beauty (soprano)
Raymond Applegore, proprietor of the Fisherman's Hotel (bass)
Norah, Applegore's wife (alto)

Scene 1

A construction camp in Georgia, 10 p.m. Six members of the crew are playing poker around an outdoor table, by the light of gasoline lanterns.

A dilapidated sign at right rear reads:

To Be Built Here—
GEORGIA MANSION HOMES

Even farther to the rear, looming behind the poker players, is a power shovel, a big one. Its cab, raised above the men's heads, is dark. Its boom crosses the back of the stage.

The poker players are Al Ryder, Pill Donovan, Bert Tannenbaum and three others. They are still in work clothes. They use their hard hats to hold chips.

Pill is dealing five card stud.

(Deals the down cards. Starts around with up cards.) Four of diamonds. Nine of spades. Ten of clubs. Two of hearts. Another ten. Five for the dealer. First ten bets.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: Check the ten.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: Bet a dollar.

BERT: I'll see.

PILL: Dealer folds.

AL: I'm in once.

SECOND POKER PLAYER: Not me.

PILL: *(Deals around again.)* Five on the four. Eight of spades. Big black jack. And a red one too. Jack-ten bets.

BERT: Another buck.

AL: I'm still with it.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: Not me.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: Raise you five.

BERT: Jack-deuce raises? Okay, once.

AL: I'm still with it. Deal the cards.

PILL: *(Deals to the three remaining players)* Two-

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four-five, possible straight. Two-jack-trey, no help. Ten-jack-deuce, not much better.

BERT: Check to the power.

AL: Bet ten bucks.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: Think it's comin'? Raise you ten.

BERT: *(Folds his hand)* Too rich for me.

AL: *(Seeing the raise)* Deal the cards.

PILL: *(Dealing to Al and Third Poker Player)* Caught your ace—ace, deuce, four, five. And a lady—deuce, jack, six, queen. Ace bets, boys.

AL: One hundred dollars.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: That says you got it? Where you from, Al? Colorado? They got high bluffs there. I think you're bluffing, boy.

AL: That information will cost you a hundred bucks.

PILL: Call him, damn it. Let's find out.

BERT: Play your own cards, Pill. We're all big boys.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: Well, I'll tell you now. What I got here ain't nothin' but a pair of ducks. *(Folds his hand)* I never seen two deuces worth a hundred bucks. *(Al collects the cards and the pot. He will be the next dealer. He shuffles twice, making a good clear slap each time as he strikes the table to line up the deck.)*

AL: Ante a dollar. Same game. Five card's the one that treats me right.

PILL: I'd like to know the one that treats you wrong.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: I'll bet you got a grand in front of ya.

PILL: Yeah. Wanta count it, Al?

BERT: Let it go, Pill. You're winning just as much as him.

PILL: You think so? Countin' last night and the night before? I'll be lucky to get out of this damn swamp with a gallon of gas to drive home on. Twelve weeks in here, boy, building streets to go nowhere. Georgia Mansion Homes! Twelve weeks in here, boy. They ain't yet marked a drive or dug a cellar.

SECOND POKER PLAYER: Hell, you can't dig cellars here.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: Maybe for water-skiin' in the basement.

BERT: They haven't sold a lot yet.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: Where's the model home they said was going up? Hell, where's the carpenters?

PILL: The only building here's the tool shack. Pick-axe mansion on bulldozer square.

AL: They got some streets. The streets that we put in are here to stay, by God.

PILL: Yeah? Let 'em stay. Maybe the gators from the swamp will use 'em to take sunbaths. I ain't staying. Not another week. I'm going crazy here. Working weekends. What else is there to do? Slap at mosquitoes. Watch my money go.

AL: Why don't you ever go to town when we do, Pill? Hell, it's your home.

PILL: That town? We know what you like there. What's there for me? I've spent my whole life trying to bust out of it.

SECOND POKER PLAYER: Why'd you go back when the war was over, Pill?

PILL: *(To Al)* For Chrissake, deal the cards.

AL: *(Deals the down cards around, starts the up cards)* The eight of spades. Jack of hearts. A trey. A deuce. Ten. Seven of spades. Jack bets.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: Bet a buck.

(Everybody stays except Bert)

BERT: I'm out.

AL: *(Dealing the next round)* Club king. Heart seven. A pair of treys. Club queen. Spade four. Treys bet.

SECOND POKER PLAYER: Make her ten.

PILL: *(Seeing the bet)* I smell a big pot a-cookin'. Raise you ten.

AL: Dealer's in *(Others stay. Dealing next round)* A pair of eights. No help. A deuce. A five. Black bullet, boy! Eights bet.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: Make it fifty. Let's get the ribbon clerks out of the game.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: I got nylon, silk and satin. Any color ribbon that you want. *(Folds his hand)*

SECOND POKER PLAYER: *(Hesitating)* I wonder: if this was real green money, like you spend at bars and grocery stores, would I be in or out?

AL: It's just the same as money.

PILL: Good old scrip. Cheap damn company. Won't send no armed guard in with cash. They pay us with company paper, good at company stores for company marked-up candy bars and beer.

BERT: You trade it in at Jacksonville, it's money.

SECOND POKER PLAYER: It still don't feel like money when I bet with it out here.

AL: That's why poker's played with chips.

SECOND POKER PLAYER: I'll stay. There's a week's pay.

PILL: Deal 'em. Be good now.

AL: *(Dealing)* A seven on the pair of eights. Six with the treys. Big ace for Pill. A little spade for me.

PILL: Four spades.

AL: Eights bet.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: Check.

SECOND POKER PLAYER: A hundred.

PILL: A hundred on the pair of treys, huh? Let's see how good the flush is over there. Up a hundred.

AL: I'll see. And I'll raise another hundred.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: That's all for me. *(Folds his hand)*

SECOND POKER PLAYER: Maybe you got it, Al. Your luck's too good. Two hundred dollars, scrip or no scrip . . . nope. I'm through with messing with you this hand.

PILL: Somebody's gotta keep him honest. Okay, Al. You're seen. You got a spade?

AL: *(Turns up his hole card)* That's right, Pill.

PILL: *(As Al rakes in the money)* There's fourteen hundred dollars in that lousy pot!

SECOND POKER PLAYER: They way he's winning, we don't work for the company. We work for Al.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: I gotta borrow, Al, or quit

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the game. Two hundred?

AL: Sure.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: You shouldn't do that. Make a guy play against his own dough.

AL: It's okay. *(Passes over scrip and chips)*

FIRST POKER PLAYER: It's just a game. Something to pass the time.

PILL: Yeah? With fourteen hundred dollar pots? That ain't no game, that's a week in Miami.

BERT: Or a year in engineering school. Right, Al?

AL: Well, be kind of a tight budget for a married man.

BERT: Married?

THIRD POKER PLAYER: The little blond girl?

AL: Sally Anne.

PILL: A little girl? Man, that's not little, nor a girl. That's woman. Female woman.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: That's the only sight in town.

BERT: You really thinking about gettin' married, Al?

AL: Yep. If she'll have me.

PILL: You ever talk to *her* about it, sport?

AL: Yes and no. We kid the idea of getting married. Make jokes. Talk about places we might see. But that's a question you don't ask seriously until you're pretty sure the answer's yes.

And I don't know. I only know I think about her all the time. I see her in my transit when I'm sighting. I see her in my whiskey when I'm drinking. I see her in the clouds, the dust, the water. I even see her on the dozers and the cats. Can't you?

(The cab of the shovel behind the poker table has gradually lit up with an unreal, romantic glow. In it, demurely, sits Sally Anne)

Can't you see her living in my trailer? Would she? Would she have the strength to love adventure? Building in jungles, levelling mountains. Oh, yes. There's Sally Anne. Smiling in my trailer, waiting in the hotel rooms of dusty cities. Clean when I come home dusty to her. Gay when I'm discouraged. Soft, soft when I'm tired. Can't you just see her?

BERT: Take it easy, Al.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: It ain't all that exclusive yet.

PILL: I seen that piece of fluff a hundred ways. Including diapers, lollipops. And the look on her face when she took her first drink of corn liquor. The only way I never seen her is the way you're telling it.

AL: Soft, sweet . . . living in my trailer . . .

POKER PLAYERS: Come on. Let's play poker. Deal the cards.

(As another hand is dealt and played, lights lower on poker table except, perhaps, for a mild spot on Al. The romantic glow intensifies up in the cab of the shovel on Al's vision of Sally Anne)

AL'S VISION OF SALLY ANNE

"Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, and thy people shall be my people." You see, I went to Sunday school and know those pretty words.

Because I fool around with men, and drink their beer and like to dance and flirt, it doesn't mean I couldn't live by words like those, put girlish things aside, and be a woman.

It's a small town. So little here to do. Show me the world, the deserts and the jungles. Find your adventure there, and I'll come too.

Love is the great adventure of a woman's life. Love is the adventure, the jungle, the glory that a woman searches for. Yes, I'll be gay when you come dusty from the job. Proud of you, strong for you when you're discouraged. Soft, soft when you're tired.

PILL: *(Slaps card on table loudly, as lights come up on poker table and out in the cab of the shovel)* I'll be damned. *(Raking in money)* A pot at last. A pot. Now, boys, let's play. You better cut the mooning, Al. I'm out for blood now, too.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: Talking about the blonde, too, Pill?

PILL: Me? Hell, no. He can have her. That's just home town stuff to me.

SECOND POKER PLAYER: For sure, Pill? I heard you used to like her.

PILL: For sure. But I tell you this: if I was goin' after it, it wouldn't be for playing Tarzan in the jungle. *(Looking before himself, half-abstracted)* Those little shoulders could wear mink. That neck could wear diamonds. Those hands, I can see 'em holding tickets from the pari-mutuel for luck. Screaming the winner home. Out to the beach afterwards in the Cadillac.

(As he describes his vision of Sally Anne, the shovel is again lighted, and she conforms to the description. She steps out along the boom, discarding the chaste housecoat she wore during Al's vision, revealed in a bathing suit with a diagonal ribbon across it, as beauty contestants wear)

I'll tell you this. She likes old Pill all right. Not that I'd ever ask a kid like that, but . . . you shoulda seen me when I come home from the war. Ribbons on my chest. She was fourteen. I seen her grow, fill out—and, buddies, I mean fill . . .

POKER PLAYERS: Come on. Let's play poker. Deal the cards.

(Again lights go down on poker table, action of hand continues, mild spot on Pill. The glow around Sally Anne in her immodest garment intensifies)

PILL'S VISION OF SALLY ANNE

Friday at the races. Sittin' in the clubhouse. Juleps, bets and cheerin'. Gotta see him win. Let the fun begin.

Saturday the parties. *Yeah.* Flirtin', gin and jokin'. Party clothes and dancin'. Keep the music goin'. Keep the liquor flowin'. Let the big wheels see. Pill with me.

Sunday at the beaches. Like the new Bikini? Rub my back with lotion. Let's fly out to Vegas. Look at California. *You bet.* Deal around New York. You can make it, Pill. All you need's a stake. Smarter than a crow. Tougher

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than a snake.

Take me with you, lover. Did I say no before? Let's leave this town behind us. Just ask me one time more.

(Lights down on shovel. Sally Anne can no longer be seen)

AL: What's your bet, Pill?

PILL: There's two hundred in the pot. Pot's the limit. That's what I'm bettin'.

AL: On a pair of threes.

PILL: And whatever's in the hole.

AL: I'm going to see it, Pill, and raise it too. Who else is in?

THIRD POKER PLAYER: Me. I got too much in there now to quit. I got queens showing and that beats his threes and beats your eights. *(Throws in money)* I just believe I'll raise it too. Another hundred. And that's all I got.

PILL: *(Matches the new raises)* That's damn near all I got.

AL: Let's see it then.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: Queens over deuces. There they are. Two pair.

PILL: Yeah? I got two pair, too. Aces high. Read 'em and weep, friends.

AL: Don't reach, Pill. Three eights aren't very good. Just good enough.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: Man, man, man.

PILL: On a case eight you beat us. A case eight? Where do you get 'em, Al? The cards you're drawing?

AL: What are you trying to say, Pill?

PILL: I only asked a question.

BERT: It don't deserve no answer.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: I want to hear one.

SECOND POKER PLAYER: All week this guy's been lucky.

PILL: Too lucky.

AL: There ain't much luck in beating guys who play it stupid, Pill.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: I'm quittin' anyhow. I'm clean.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: He's got all our pay.

BERT: What do you want him to do? Give it back?

THIRD POKER PLAYER: Come on, Pill, let's quit. We got machines to run tomorrow.

AL: You'll get your chance to win it back tomorrow night. Now if you want.

PILL: Win how much back?

BERT: Shut up.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: You got a wad there that would choke a cow.

SECOND POKER PLAYER: It's choking me, boy.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: That's for damn sure.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: What *are* you winning, Al? That is, if you want to say.

PILL: About four grand, I figure. Cut me high card for a grand?

AL: No. I'll play you poker.

PILL: Cold hands?

AL: That's sucker stuff. I'll play when there's a game.

PILL: *(Pushing back his chair)* When is a game not a game? When it's a fix.

AL: *(Rising)* You're kind of old and fat to talk like that.

BERT: Let me have him, Al.

(All the men are now on their feet)

FIRST POKER PLAYER: What do you say, Pill? Does he keep our dough?

SECOND POKER PLAYER: We're with you, Pill.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: I worked my butt off for that dough.

SECOND POKER PLAYER: Let's get it back.

(First and Second Poker Players move to Pill's side; Al and Bert stand opposite, leaving Third Poker Player for the moment in the middle)

FIRST POKER PLAYER: Damn right.

SECOND POKER PLAYER: How about it, Pill?

THIRD POKER PLAYER: Take it easy, for Chrissake. Nothing's been proved.

(Third Poker Player shifts toward Al and Bert's side)

AL: *(Steps toward them)* Why don't you all sit down? You want to play, let's play.

PILL: I'm all done playing poker with you, sport.

AL: Suit yourself.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: Come on, Pill. Let's take him.

SECOND POKER PLAYER: Let's get the son of a bitch.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: Come on. Come on.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: What did you see, Pill? Are you just shittin' us? If you really seen anything, why don't you tell us?

PILL: It's okay, boys. Leave it to me. Relax. I'll handle it.

AL: You'll handle what?

PILL: Relax, Al boy. Forget it. I got hot. Let's hit the sack.

AL: All right. Suits me. *(To Bert)* I'm going to the tool shack, Bert. Gotta clean my instruments for morning. *(To the rest)* I'll see you guys. *(After a steady look at each of them, Al goes off)*

SECOND POKER PLAYER: He's carryin' four thousand bucks.

BERT: That guy's no cheater. He just plays good poker. Better than the rest of us.

PILL: You're stupid, Bert. You don't know when you been took.

BERT: *(Fists ready, steps toward Pill)* You want to call me stupid once more, Pill?

PILL: *(Ready for him, standing his ground)* I call you any goddamn thing I please, *stupid.*

FIRST POKER PLAYER: *(Who had taken a step after Al, watching him go off)* Hey Pill! Did he say he was going to the shack?

PILL: *(Dropping the affair with Bert; alert)* That's what he said.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: There ain't no light up there. No one went up the hill.

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PILL: He's cut out then.

SECOND POKER PLAYER: That rat.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: An honest guy would stay. That proves it.

BERT: Proves nothing. A guy with that much dough'd be nuts to stick around the way you big sports are acting.

SECOND POKER PLAYER: What are you saying, Bert? You think we'd hurt the guy?

BERT: I don't know what you'd do. I sure don't blame him if he didn't want to sit tight and find out. When Pill says, "Just relax. Forget it," that's a damn good time to move.

PILL: We're goin' after him.

BERT: You're crazy, Pill.

PILL: *(To First and Second Poker Players)* You take the pick-up. Check the road to town. Take lights and shotguns from the shack.

(They run off)

PILL: *(To Third Poker Player)* You stick with Bertie, here. See that he stays in camp.

BERT: That's where I'm staying, Pill. Al's in the swamp by now, where he surveyed. He knows it there like no one else.

PILL: Oh yeah? I know that swamp, too, pal. I was raised right here.

BERT: I'll be waiting here to laugh when you get back.

PILL: *(Getting a key from his pocket)* Look at this, wise boy. Key to the swamp buggy. I can move on land or water. Let him go where he wants. I'll follow faster. That's for damn sure. *(Goes off, running)*

THIRD POKER PLAYER: *(After a moment)* Bert?

BERT: Yeah? What do you want?

THIRD POKER PLAYER: He didn't cheat.

BERT: Course not.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: Maybe we better stop Pill. He'll get rough.

BERT: Don't worry. Al's plenty rough too, when he needs to be. That won't be tonight. Nobody finds nothin' in that swamp at night.

(Sound of motor starting, vehicle driving off)

THIRD POKER PLAYER: There goes Pill.

BERT: If Al's not back by morning we'll take the other buggy and go out. But he'll be okay.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: Pill's crazy and he's stubborn.

BERT: Al's sane and stubborn. That swamp's like one big hiding place.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: Hey, look! *(Their attention is drawn offstage, in the direction in which First and Second Poker Players went off)* The guys that started into town. They've got him.

BERT: They sure got someone.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: That ain't Al!

BERT: The paymaster.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: What's he doin' here?

(First and Second Poker Players come on with Harry, the paymaster)

HARRY: Where's Pill?

BERT: He's in the swamp. I doubt that he'll be back till morning.

HARRY: You're the assistant foreman?

BERT: You know that.

HARRY: I got instructions for you. You're all done.

BERT: The whole crew?

HARRY: Job's cancelled. And I want the keys.

BERT: The keys to what?

HARRY: All the machines. The bunkhouse, tool shack, everything.

BERT: For what? Protect the company property from us. Is that it?

HARRY: It's not the company's. There's no more company. I lock it for the creditors.

SECOND POKER PLAYER: The outfit's busted?

HARRY: Yeah.

THIRD POKER PLAYER: We got pay comin', Harry. For the week.

HARRY: You'll have to line up with the other creditors. Me too.

BERT: Of all the lousy deals.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: *(Taking scrip from his pocket)* What about this, Harry? What about this scrip? That we've been paid with up to now?

HARRY: Who knows? It'll be redeemed. Part of the settlement. So much on the dollar.

SECOND POKER PLAYER: Yeah? How much? Half?

HARRY: I don't see how they could.

FIRST POKER PLAYER: *(Laughing)* And I was sweatin' about losin' mine.

BERT: *(Looks out towards swamp)* None of *us* has much of it left. So much on the dollar. So much on four thousand dollars. Christ, oh Christ.

Scene 2

The swamp. 2 a.m. Suggestion, by music and setting, of swamp creatures moving about.

Al enters, trotting, out of breath. Pauses to look back and listen carefully.

Turns, shines his flashlight at a spot on the stage; jumps back.

Al: *(Sings, at first, in gasps)* Snake. Water moccasin. *(Picks up a stick)* Get out of the way, boy. I need that grassy place to rest on. *(Pokes the stick in front of him)* There you go. Give my love to Mrs. Cottonmouth. Don't hurry back. *(Shines light around to be sure it's safe. Throws himself down.)* Oh God, I'm beat.

(Sally Anne appears, as a sort of willow-the-wisp, perhaps the face only, surrounded by a glow in the background gauze.

Each time the apparition reappears, singing a new passage of the duet, it is at a different place. The phrase "musical punctuation" is used to indicate these shifts.)

SALLY ANNE, *AS WILLOW-THE-WISP*

Keep moving, Al. Keep moving through the swamp for Sally Anne. Four thousand dollars and Sally Anne. Find your way, boy; get your breath and move. Isn't

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it worth a struggle, if she'll go with you?

AL: Let me rest a minute.

(Musical punctuation)

SALLY ANNE: Get on across the swamp now. There's a town out there that you can phone her from.

AL: I'll phone her and she'll come.

SALLY ANNE: Can you be sure she will?

AL: Oh, yes. Money or no money, Sally Anne will come. This is the kind of thing you know about a girl without her saying it. Better to have the money, though. Why start out poor?

(Musical punctuation)

AL: *(Stands up, to assess the situation)* Let's think it out, old buddy. Back to camp's two hours. Is Pill in camp?

SALLY ANNE: *(Reappearing)* Pill's in the swamp buggy that you hear from time to time, more likely.

AL: Yeah, sure he is. And I could wait for Pill and take him if I knew he wasn't armed.

SALLY ANNE: And leave him lying in the swamp?

AL: No. No, I wouldn't do a thing like that. *(Looks at his watch by flashlight)* Nearly an hour since I heard the buggy, saw the lights.

SALLY ANNE: He may be coming without lights.

AL: I know that there's a little town, northeast by east. *(Looks up, at stars)* A little place, but there'll be phones there. If I go right on I'll hit it, or the road that leads there.

SALLY ANNE: If you go back to camp, or go to Sally Anne, Pill and his crazy-headed boys will find you. And there'll be someone lying in the ditch.

AL: Stick to high ground. Guide on the stars, northeast by east. I'll find the little town, and when I get there . . .

(Something behind him catches his attention. The image of Sally Anne disappears abruptly. Sound of the swamp buggy is heard; a beam of hard light sweeps the stage, and goes off.

Al considers his direction; acting on an idea which occurs to him, he goes smoothly and quickly out, circling in somewhat the same direction from which the light came.

The sound stops as the motor is cut off. After a moment Pill comes on with flashlight, searching.)

PILL: Was there a noise? Gator? Or a gator skin wallet full of dough, running off on two legs? Tracks! *(Kneels down to look at them.)* Hey, boot tracks. Goddamn, he was here.

(A considerably different image of Sally Anne apears, illuminated in backdrop in brighter colors. No longer do we see the pure, pale cameo face alone; now it is a reclining image, with display of hips and bust as on the covers of some of the men's magazines. This image, rather than being seen at different spots, writhes sensually into posture changes from time to time.)

SALLY ANNE, *AS COVER GIRL*

He might be resting now. He must be getting tired. He's got the money Sally Anne wants, Pill.

PILL: Oh, yeah. She'll go with money, Sally Anne.

SALLY ANNE: Little ol' girl you always wanted, huh? You better have her.

PILL: He's got the dough. He's maybe not too far from here. Turn off the light. Don't tip him off. *(Turns out flashlight)* The kid's no patsy.

SALLY ANNE: Now that you're close, go after him on foot.

PILL: Four thousand bucks.

SALLY ANNE: Get it for Sally Anne.

PILL: Get Al.

SALLY ANNE: Get Al.

PILL: *(Removing hunting knife from sheath, tests blade)* Get Al.

SALLY ANNE: Don't let him leave the swamp alive.

PILL: For Sally Anne and Pill.

SALLY ANNE: This swamp has seen dead men before. A perfect place. The snapping turtles eat the meat. And gars. And foxes carry off the bones. Ever kill anybody, Pill?

PILL: That guy near Rome, back in the war, that Sergeant What's-his-name . . .

SALLY ANNE: That said he'd turn you in for selling food.

PILL: You're damn well right I did. I killed him. No one knew.

SALLY ANNE: Nobody checks ballistics on the wounds in war.

PILL: Eaton his name was. Sergeant Eaton. Fresh from camp. Replacement. What a holy joe! I never will forget old holy's face. He turned, and saw the pistol, and he knew I'd shoot . . . . that's one I never told.

SALLY ANNE: You could tell Sally Anne.

PILL: To the music of four thousand dollars, I could tell her anything. I'll bet I could. I know I could. Then it won't never again be: "Go 'long, Pill. Go on now, Pill, don't bother me. Pill, honey, I'm so sorry but I'm busy every night this week."

SALLY ANNE: Give her a chance, Pill. Try to understand. She was so young, there when you first came back. Rough-talking, in your army uniform. And when she did go out with you, four years ago, you lost your head. Yeah. Tried to go too fast. You got to talking foolish, Pill, wanting to carry her off to the moon or somewhere's, without a dime . . . And that slick cracker with the Oldsmobile. It wasn't him she liked, but you that scared her to him. But now, Pill. Now's the time. Now you'll find out what those sweet blouses have got under them. Now she won't mock your belly, Pill, she'll want to curl herself around it, just so close . . . .

(Suddenly the swamp buggy motor starts, interrupting this tender thought.

The Sally Anne image disappears instantly.

Headlights swing across the backdrop, and the machine can be heard moving away.)

PILL: *(Leaps toward the sound)* Hey! Damn me for a fool. You sneaked around me, did you, bastard? All right. Go on. Take it and damn you. You think I can't

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track that thing through the night? You think I'll quit now? Baby, you don't know Pill.

Scene 3

The lobby of a rather seedy little hotel—perhaps more fishing camp than hotel—on the far edge of the swamp. 5 a.m.

Empty at rise of curtain. The sort of place it is may be shown by the shabby lobby furnishings, and by various signs concerning credit, check cashing, room prices, and the availability of various types of bait, tackle and soft drinks.

After a moment or two, Al comes on. He is dirty and tired from the night's chase, but rather exhilarated. He sits in a chair to rest for a minute, then gets up to gaze out the door; smiles, goes to the desk and rings for the clerk.

AL: I shook him. I shook him nine miles back. I left his buggy for him, but I took the plugs. *(Takes a handful of spark plugs out of his jacket pocket, and drops them in wastebasket, near desk.)* Sure like to see old Pill, trying to start her up. The big mechanic with the weak flashlight, checking his motor out. *(Laughs)* Hot damn. I came on through the water. Not a track. Got lucky. Found a boat. Nowhere for Pill to go but back to camp. *(Rings again. Gets the wad of scrip out of his pocket, and starts to count and straighten it)* Fifty. A hundred. Two, three, six, a thousand. A hundred forty, there's three forty . . . .

(Enter Norah Applegore, a rather handsome brunette. She wears a dressing gown over her nightclothes.)

NORAH: Yes?

AL: Sorry to wake you. Got a room and bath?

NORAH: No bath. You're out of season, mister. Water's off.

AL: I'm pretty muddy, lady.

NORAH: Wash up in the kitchen. I'll heat water if you want to shave. Four dollars, in advance. Room number nine. I'll get your sheets and towels . . . .

AL: Look. Never mind. I'll use cold water and I'll get some rest. Call me at eight?

NORAH: That's much too late for fishing.

AL: Call me at eight, please.

NORAH: Are you planning to stay long?

AL: A day or two. Can I buy clothes and shaving stuff in town? I mean when things are open.

NORAH: What town? When things are open here, the town's still closed. Bus stop, post office and a grocery store. They might have work shirts at the grocery store. And fishing hats. Oh, lots of fishing hats. Big visors, little visors, wide brim and no brim at all. Cute little emblems on the bands of some. And bait. Red worms, black worms, corn worms and crawdads. Minnows and crickets—God, I spend my life with worms for neighbors. At least worms can't talk. I've never had one tell me of a fish he caught.

AL: Yeah. Worms don't do too much to liven up a place at that.

NORAH: A place! A penitentiary for bass. A crazy house for addled bream. A prison where they lock bad gars away. *(Bares her shoulder)* Look at me. Have I started growing scales?

AL: What makes you stay?

NORAH: You haven't seen my husband. He's the jailer here.

AL: Yeah. *(Yawns) (To conclude the conversation:)* Well, it must be better in the season, when the guests are here. The kitchen this way? *(Starts for an interior door)*

NORAH *(Intercepting him; making him listen)* The guests. Old men with fishy hands. Young guys who do their drinking in a boat, watching a float that hardly ever moves. Come in for supper and go straight to bed. To be up early for the morning rise. And not too many of them, either. Three's a crowd.

AL: *(Gently enough, but disengaging himself)* That's tough. And I'm tired.

NORAH: Did I ask for sympathy? Come on. Four dollars in advance. The only pleasure that I've got is sleep, and I'm losing that.

AL: This money's scrip. Mansion Construction Company, across the swamp. It's what they pay us with. Here.

NORAH: A ten? This piece of paper?

AL: Look. You turn it in. At any company office. Hell, discount it, if you want. I'll pay the ten just for the room.

NORAH: I'll have to get my husband, mister. I take this, he's apt to kick me half across the room.

AL: He is, huh?

NORAH: Sometimes the foot. Sometimes the fist. Oh, if I'm lucky, just the open hand. You want to see a bruise? *(The one she has in mind showing is well up the thigh.)*

AL: Thanks. I've seen bruises. But I'm sorry, anyway.

NORAH: I told you, buddy, I'm in jail for life. And nothing off for good behavior. Hell, where would I find a chance for bad behavior in this dump? *(Calling off stage)* Hey, Ray. Raymond, wake up and come down here a minute, will you? *(To Al again)* Hey mister. *(Points to wastebasket)* You dropped your sparkplugs. *(She laughs rather wildly.)* What goes on? You rob the payroll over there, and run the swamp? You look like dogs are after you.

AL: One dog. The money's mine. The dog thinks he can bark it out of me.

NORAH: Oh sure.

AL: Why would it matter to you, lady? I'm a passing customer, that's all. Let's say I'm one that's sorry you're unhappy—but knowing my story wouldn't make things any better for you.

NORAH: No. Don't tell me. Listen, let me help you if I can. When Ray comes, just forget about the scrip. Hang onto it. You've got a watch—give it to Ray for room and board. I'll sneak you some shaving stuff in the morning, and a shirt.

AL: I need a little money for the telephone.

NORAH: There's no phone here, except a paybooth in the yard. All right. I'll find some change, and let you . . . Shhh! *(Calls, off stage)* Come on, Ray. I want to get back to bed.

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AL: And I'll help you. When I get out, I'll send . . . .

NORAH: Shut up. The water's off, I said . . . . *(As Raymond Applegore comes in, wearing pajama pants and nothing more)* Hey, Ray. This bunny wants a room and breakfast for his watch.

RAY: No dough, young fellow?

AL: *(Taking off his wrist watch)* This is a Benrus. Cost me sixty bucks. *(Handing it over)* One or two nights. A little cash to boot?

RAY: One night. One breakfast.

AL: We're talking about sixty bucks.

RAY: Here, take your watch and get out of here.

AL: You win. I'll take the room.

RAY: Make up the bed, then, Norah. Snap it up. I'll see you in the morning, buster. Pleasant dreams. *(Goes out)*

NORAH: You'd better register. Here. What name you using?

AL: Al Ryder. Bridgetown, Colorado. Yours is Norah?

NORAH: Yes.

AL: I want to thank you, Norah. If things go right, I should be leaving later on this morning. But if you want me to, then I'll be back. With money, and a car. To get you out of here before the week is done.

NORAH: Kiss me, and I'll believe you. *(After hesitating a moment, Al complies. She draws back, without really leaving the embrace, and looks at him.)* You kiss like a man with his mind on someone else. Whose waist are you holding when your hand's on mine? Did you close your eyes and think some other name than mine? Who are you pressing now, what color hair got in your face? Tell me, and I'll write her an I.O.U. for one kiss, borrowed. Or stolen. I don't care. I need it more than she does. I'll take whoever's kisses I can get. Begging and choosing never went together yet. *(Presses into him, until he kisses her again.)* All right. *(Breaking, goes to cash register)* You've done your duty. Phone her in the morning. Here's the dough. *(Rings cash register, to open drawer)*

Scene 4

Telephones. 8 a.m.

This will be played with the curtain down. When the lights go up onstage, we will see first Al in a booth at one side of stage, putting in coins which we hear ringing through the coin box.

We hear the ringing of a phone at the other side of the stage. A little area lights up—a home telephone, a small table—and Sally Anne steps in to answer it.

SALLY ANNE: This is Sally Anne speakin'.

AL: Hello, darling. This is Al. Good morning, love.

SALLY ANNE: Why Al! So early. What a nice surprise. *(She nods and beckons to someone offstage—and on walks Pill, grinning broadly, and stands with his arm around her as she talks, caressing her lightly, to which she responds with naughty pleasure as she talks to Al)* How come you're callin'? Don't you work today?

AL: I left the job last night. I've come across the swamp. Sally, darling, can you get a car?

SALLY ANNE: *(As Pill kisses her on the back of the neck)* Well, whatever for, darlin'? What am I to do?

AL: First, will you marry me?

SALLY ANNE: Why Al! Why lover. Now? Get married. Al, you take my breath away. *(Broad wink at Pill)*

AL: Sally Anne, I won a lot of money. Four thousand dollars. Listen, you know Pill.

SALLY ANNE: Why yes, of course I know him. *(Rubbing against Pill)* Old fat thing. Mean as a cat. Know him since I was little.

AL: He chased me all night long. I got away. I'm at the Fisherman's Hotel, in Anchortown.

SALLY ANNE: The Fisherman's Hotel, in Anchortown.

AL: Sally, I want you to get a car and come for me. We'll go to Jacksonville, and cash the scrip. Then we'll be married, if you'll have me. We'll go back North. We'll have the money. I'll go back to school.

SALLY ANNE: Oh, Al. It just sounds wonderful, it's like a dream. Just let me keep my feet from running to you, while I try to think. *(Covers the mouthpiece. Whispers to Pill. Pill grins and nods vigorously.)* Oh, Al. I accept, darling. I accept. I'll get there. I'll be there by ten o'clock.

AL: I love you, Sally Anne.

SALLY ANNE: Me too, darlin'. Me too. *(They hang up their respective phones. The connection is broken.)*

(Al stands alone, singing his phrase before the phone booth in what follows, while Sally Anne and Pill converse quite separately on their side of the stage—miles away.)

AL, *ALONE:* I love you, Sally Anne.

PILL, *WITH SALLY ANNE: (Embracing her)* Are you Pill's baby now?

SALLY ANNE: I'm Pill's four thousand dollar baby. Ol' mean thing. *(Kisses Pill)*

AL, *ALONE:* And you love me. It's too damn wonderful.

PILL: It was a long old night, Sally, in the swamp. I knew I'd better get on over here when morning came. He had to call you, didn't he?

SALLY ANNE: The schoolboy had to call—you smart, mean thing.

PILL: The other jokers, they gave up, it looks like.

SALLY ANNE: Shouldn't we get one of 'em out to help?

PILL: And split the dough?

AL, *ALONE:* Gay when I'm discouraged.

SALLY ANNE: No, sugar, no! Not that.

AL, *ALONE:* Soft, soft when I'm tired.

Scene 5

The lobby. 10 a.m.

Al and Norah, waiting.

NORAH: Fishing. Every day he's fishing. It doesn't bother him that I'm alone with you. It doesn't seem to bother you much, either.

AL: Norah, I got engaged this morning. You're so

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much woman that I'm damn near sorry.

NORAH: You will come back, and get me out of here?

(Sound of car. Al grabs Norah's hands quickly.)

AL: Come or send someone, Norah. Soon. *(Al lets go her hands, and starts towards window. Norah stops him.)*

NORAH: Stay back. I'll look. *(Crosses to window, looks out, as we hear car stop.)*

AL: Is it her, Norah?

NORAH: There's a cute enough blonde getting out—with half a figure. Yes.

AL: It's Sally.

(Door opens. Sally Anne stands there. Norah stays at the window, looking out steadily.)

Sally Anne!

SALLY ANNE: Oh, Al. I hurried so. I look a mess.

AL: *(As they embrace)* Most beautiful mess I ever saw.

SALLY ANNE: Let's go quick, Al. Are you ready, hon?

NORAH: *(Who has continued looking out window)* Wait!

SALLY ANNE: Who's she?

AL: Norah. Wife of the man who runs this place.

SALLY ANNE: It's nice to meet you, Norah honey. Look, we gotta run. Goodbye.

NORAH: You're Sally, aren't you?

SALLY ANNE: 'Bye now, Norah. Thanks.

NORAH: Just what I thought you'd be. *(She has moved to block Al and Sally.)*

SALLY ANNE: Well, who cares what you thought?

NORAH: A little butter-brickle ice cream cone. You'll melt in the heat, dear.

SALLY ANNE: Well then, I'll go and leave the heat to you.

NORAH: You'd taste good to him, but he'd find his face and hands all sticky with the sweet.

SALLY ANNE: I hope he's got you all cleaned off him, anyway.

NORAH: That's a laugh. Saving himself for you is even funnier.

SALLY ANNE: Hope you enjoy your laughing when we're gone.

NORAH: Hope he enjoys his loving when you're gone. But girls like you—all get, no give. I know your kind.

SALLY ANNE: I don't know yours. Not, anyway, when I can help myself. Now let us by.

AL: We have to go. I won't forget my promise, Norah.

NORAH: You might not have much longer to remember it. Maybe a minute. Maybe two.

AL: What do you mean?

SALLY ANNE: You full of swamp juice, woman, this early in the mornin'?

NORAH: *I mean there's someone hiding in that car!*

SALLY ANNE: You're crazy.

AL: There's what?

NORAH: There's someone in the back. I saw him move. Under a blanket . . .

SALLY ANNE: *(Squeezing against Al)* Come on, darlin'. There's a blanket there. You know what for.

NORAH: I'll go first, and have a look. Al, watch me out the window.

SALLY ANNE: Come on, lover. I can't keep the car forever; it's not mine.

NORAH: *(As Al starts for door with Sally, moving into their way)* You'll have to knock me down—or see me go out first.

SALLY ANNE: *(Leaps away from Al, at Norah. Grabbing at her)* You crazy woman, let us by. You hear?

NORAH: *(Meeting the attack, throwing her off)* Murderous little bitch.

SALLY ANNE: *(From floor, screams)* Pill, in here. Pill, here.

AL: What, Sally? What?

SALLY ANNE: *(Screaming)* Pill! Hurry, Pill.

AL: Sally Anne!

(Pill enters, pushing Norah out of the way, past Sally Anne, hunting knife in hand. Grins at Al.)

PILL: Morning, old buddy. Believe you have a little something there belongs to me.

AL: You know damn well it doesn't, Pill.

PILL: *(Indicating knife blade)* I got an eight inch blade that says it's mine.

AL: You can try it. I've seen guys with knives before. *(Picks up a straight chair to swing.)* There's lots of knives in Denver, Pill. Mexican boys. Handle them quite well.

PILL: That right? This sounds like fun.

(Pill moves in. Al hits at knife hand with chair, missing. They circle again, but before they can close, Applegore steps in behind Al, coming from kitchen door, and grabs his arms.)

RAY APPLEGORE: Just what the hell is this?

PILL: He's got four thousand bucks of mine, friend.

RAY: Yeah? Been stealing here, too. Gonna steal my wife. "Norah, I swear I'll send to get you," huh? *(To Norah)* Thought I was fishing, did you? How stupid do you think I am?

NORAH: Pig-stupid. Skunk-stupid. Stupid as a fish.

RAY: *(To Pill)* You like him with his chair, or shall we take that from him? *(As he shifts his hold to try to get the chair, Al breaks away, throws the chair at Pill who was moving in, vaults to desk where Norah stands, and turns towards his adversaries.)* Now we've got them both together, friend.

PILL: So we do, friend. So we do.

NORAH: *(As Pill and Ray move up, one on each side, pulls a gun from desk drawer.)* Here, Al. Take the gun. It's loaded.

AL: No. There's nothing here worth having, Norah, gun or no gun. Nothing here at all. *(Getting the wad of scrip out of his pocket)* Here you go, Pill. It's all yours. *(Steps out from behind desk, extending the wad)* Take it and make the girl happy, if it's what she wants.

NORAH: No, Al.

PILL: And when we leave, you call the sheriff up and say I took your dough. Oh, tricky boy.

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RAY: There. That's the spirit, friend.

(Pushes Al from behind, violently, towards Pill, who steps in with his knife to meet the impetus. Norah screams. Sally watches, big-eyed. Ray Applegore laughs.)

NORAH: *(Screams again, shoots Pill. Shoots him again, and again, as first Al falls, then Pill.)* Oh my god.

RAY: Good, Norah. Very good. Four grand?

NORAH: I killed him. God, I killed him.

RAY: Here, Norah. Better let me have the gun.

NORAH: No, never. Never.

RAY: Come on, Norah. Now, don't get me sore at you . . .

(Limply, Norah turns over the gun to Applegore, who laughs some more, as Bert and Third Poker Player enter with shotguns.)

BERT: What's going on? God, are they dead? *(Kneels by Al)*

THIRD POKER PLAYER: *(To Applegore, raising shotgun at him)* All right, mister. Put your cannon down. These things don't miss.

(Applegore shrugs and drops the gun.)

BERT: *(Rising)* There's two dead men.

SALLY ANNE: *(Pointing to the scrip, spilled on the floor)* The money. Look, the money . . .

BERT: Both of them meant for you to have it. Pick it up. *(Angrily, threatening her with shotgun)* Down on your knees and pick it up. Go on. *(As Sally Anne kneels and begins scrabbling for the scrip)* It's two cents on the dollar that they're paying, girl. Easiest eighty bucks you'll ever make.

CURTAIN

GREG KUZMA

THE ATTIC

I name the wasps
that beat it out
against the glass.

The attic heat
has made them
mad as us

the children
down below
whose futures

dry and flake.
The wasps with mud
would make

of them a home.
We are destroyed
in summer

every year.
I help my father
fold the tent

around the wasps
which move in
to embrace.

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A Story by Jack Hodgins

PROMISE OF PEACE

When Myrtle Fleming came down the lane to tell her father she was getting married at last, she hadn't seen any need for putting on the wig she'd bought to cover her pink scalp; she just tied a spotted kerchief under her chin and slouched back past the hen house and the old red barn to where he was fixing fence and said, "I'm engaged" and turned around to slouch back to the house again.

Mr. Fleming didn't say a word until he had pulled back the handle of the wire-stretcher and hammered a staple into the cedar post to keep the barbed wire tight. Then he said "Whoa" and spat once on the ground between his feet. And when she came back with both hands pushed like lead weights to the bottom of her pockets he said, "I thought when we paid good money for that head of hair you agreed to wear it."

She kicked at a dried-up clump of cow dung. "Sure," she said.

"You'll want to be more careful after this," he said, and she walked away from him once more. He lifted his face and watched a jet plane draw a chalk line straight across the sky.

But Mr. Fleming was a soft-hearted man. He knew he was soft-hearted and was proud of it. The day they lowered his mother into the frozen ground he didn't mind if the whole valley saw him cry big tears for her. Yet, though he found it easy to sympathize with most people in this world, sometimes it was pretty hard for him to feel sorry for his daughter. At times like this it helped to remind himself she was one-half of a pair of twins in which the other half had been given most of the brains for both. Now, as he watched her walk away from him past the barn he remembered that. And then, because the words she had come out here to say had planted the seeds of strange visions in his brain, he hollered "Whoa" again and watched her hunch-shoulder her way back to him one more time.

"That's right," she said, "Married."

"To Lennie Dale," he said, because that was the only male person under sixty he had ever seen take a good second look at Myrtle.

But she didn't name Lennie Dale at all. She named old Jim Winger, the district tax assessor, who already had a grown family older than she was and whose first wife had died hardly more than a year ago. Aside from the normal mistrust felt by everyone who hated paying taxes, Fleming had nothing against Jim Winger, unless you counted his wild pepper-and-salt beard, which was no doubt meant to hide either a weak chin or a weak character. And after all, Winger did had have a little place of his own, all painted up pretty and furnished by his first wife before she passed on. So he said, "That's all right with me," and hammered one more staple in. A husband was a husband and when your daughter is a thirty-three-year-old spinster with a bald head you can't be fussy.

Oh, she hadn't always been bald. Mr. Fleming could easily remember the two of them, Myrtle and Edith, one on each of his knees, and though it was clear almost from the beginning that when the brains were given out Edith must've grabbed both shares, it was Myrtle who had had the long golden curls like you see in pictures. Mr. Fleming was a tender-hearted man and he liked to remember things like that, bouncing the two of them on his knees, just to feel the lump come into his throat. Because then he could make the lump even bigger and almost a sob by reminding himself of the disease that killed the other and just left this one hairless as a rubber ball.

They had had to buy her a wig, of course, though she hated wearing it. And because for so many years her head kept growing bigger along with the rest of her body they got into the habit of buying the cheapest kind available so she could have a new one every year. But almost as if fate never got tired of doing meanness to a person, she had grown up to be as ugly as her mother and almost as cranky. And soft-hearted or not, Mr. Fleming had often longed for someone, anyone, to come along and take her off his hands. He wasn't surprised, then, to find that his

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JACK HODGINS teaches in Nanaime, Vancouver Island, where "once a year everyone takes leave of his senses just long enough to sail a bathtub thirty miles across Georia Strait to Vancouver." His work has been in the NORTHWEST REVIEW, DESCANT, *and* WESTERLY *(Australia).*

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heart pounded with excitement when he realized what she was saying to him.

"I hope you showed him where I keep the ladder." he said.

"What?" She just looked at him, her mouth a little open.

"You don't want no big expensive wedding at your ages. Just creep away some night and elope."

Myrtle scowled and kicked again at the dung, and fiddled with the kerchief knot under her chin. "Momma wants a wedding," she said.

"We'll see about that," he said. He stuck a cigarette paper to his bottom lip and began lining up tobacco across his palm. Then he rolled a cigarette and licked it and took out a large wooden match.

"Momma promised me a white dress and everything," she said.

He held the match to the cigarette; the loose tobacco flared up and then died down into a glow. "We'll see about that," he said, and shook the match flame out. Then he started gathering his tools and put everything into a long box with a rope handle which he slung across his shoulder. Finally they started walking up the lane towards the house together.

And suddenly, up ahead, Mr. Fleming's wife walked out from behind the tractor shed carrying her basket of eggs. She walked like an ancient forgotten queen between those two hip-high dogs of hers (she called them German Shepherds, though he had never learned to think of them as anything but police dogs, trained to go for his throat). With one of his old grey felt hats perched on the top of her head, she walked forward in a striped cotton dress half covered by a flour sack apron and a blue sweater stretched out of shape. Mr. Fleming tried to be charitable but there was no doubt: she was pretty ugly. That face of hers, which had once been smooth and soft if nothing else, was like a crumpled handful of loose rubber now, with a sharp furious nose right in the middle, rigid and yellow as polished brass.

She turned that head in his direction and stopped, and on either side the dogs stopped too, perhaps hoping that this time she would say "sic'm". And then she planted her knee-high rubber boots apart. "Well," she said. "Did she tell you?"

"She did," he said.

"Then you should be dancing," she said. "Because this is what you've wanted. To be rid of her."

Myrtle went up closer. "He doesn't want to have a wedding," she said. "He said use a ladder."

The old woman snorted. "We'll see about that," she said. Then she moved forward, and the dogs too, and said, "Let's get inside for some supper."

No shoe ever touched the floor of Jenny Fleming's kitchen. No shoe or boot ever crossed her threshold. Somewhere years ago she had heard a neighbor's floor described as clean enough to eat off and from that moment she made it her ambition to be talked about like that. Every day before anyone else was out of bed she spent a good half-hour down on her knees washing and shining that floor until it gleamed like a sheet of new steel. Then she opened up last night's newspaper and spread the pages out into every corner of the room and never lifted them unless she saw company coming in through the gate or up the steps. At the outside door, for Mr. Fleming and Myrtle and any visitors who didn't know enough to bring their own, she had a box of hand-knitted woolen slippers in nine colours. And everyone wore them too, except those dogs of hers, who could walk straight out of a mud puddle onto that floor and never hear a word harsher than "Hssst, you naughty boys."

Mr. Fleming had been enraged at first. Then he had been simply humiliated. But by now he had accepted it and didn't even mind making a joke: "Put the slippers on," he'd say to guests. "Jen is expecting the Queen to drop in any day and wants to feed her supper right off the floor."

He had meant to add a little more to the joke too, like: "We're playing hockey on Saturday and want to keep the ice unscratched" but Jen usually cut him off with one of her looks and he never felt like saying much of anything after that. Those two little eyes of hers could cut a man dead faster than anybody's bullets.

Inside, Jen put one hand on Myrtle's shoulder and gave her a shove towards her bedroom door. "You go on into your room while I set out the supper. Start working on an invitation list or something."

Mr. Fleming sat down on a kitchen chair. "Listen," he said. "This here wedding. We can't afford it."

Jen turned and glared at him. "I thought you'd be so glad to get rid of her you'd spend any amount on a celebration."

"I'm glad all right but not that glad."

She put two steaks down on the floor for the dogs and patted their heads. She watched them gulp down the meat in huge chunks, her own wrinkled throat working too. Then she said, "You're glad but still a skin-flint is more like it."

"We just can't afford any big high-falutin' wedding."

"Oh yes we can," Jen said. And she went to the cookie jar that sat on a shelf right under Mr. Fleming's shotgun. "I've been saving my egg money for this day just in case." She shuffled through a heavy wad of bills. "This family could get along just fine without you."

Mr. Fleming said, "In that case we can afford it. Bring on my supper."

She did and he sat down at the table and leaned right into it. One thing about Jenny, she could cook. Everybody said she was the best damn cook on Vancouver Island and Mr. Fleming wouldn't argue with that. It was her cooking that had caught him in the first place. She set a table that could make a man go weak in the knees with desire.

Myrtle came in and sat down in her place and started in whining as usual. "You're almost finished already, Daddy, can't you wait for anyone else?"

"Not him," Jen said. "Eating and slopping like a pig at my table. Like a hog at a trough."

Fleming had heard all this before and he said, "You can't have everything. Handsome and smart is enough to

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ask of a man."

Myrtle said, "Stop it" the way she always did, as if he were just two years old and a little retarded besides. "Both of you just stop your bickering. At least until I'm out of here. Then I don't care what you do to each other."

The sooner the better, Fleming thought. There may be more than just one person packing a suitcase on that glorious day.

Jen kept quiet for a minute. She high-wristed her food into her mouth like a real lady and chewed as if she expected to find egg shells. Then she said, "Maybe we ought to hire a hall."

"What for?"

"Not that you would notice or care but most people have a reception after their wedding. Dancing and eating."

Fleming groaned. He should have known she wouldn't be satisfied with just a church wedding. She'd want the whole works, her. Like a queen.

But Myrtle coughed for attention. "Please," she said. Just a few people is enough. Just a few friends here at the house."

"That's right," Fleming said. "The girl just wants a few people, not a crowd."

Myrtle kept her head ducked low and shovelled her supper in that slump-shouldered way she had of doing things. Fleming looked at her and said, "You high-tail it into your bedroom, miss, and get that wig on. Don't come back to the table without it."

She stood up and stomped into her bedroom, slamming the door. Then Jen slapped down her knife and fork and, snorting at him just once, marched out of the room too. Mr. Fleming was left to finish his supper in peace at last. Afterwards he sharpened a matchstick with his jack-knife and sat back to pick his teeth.

Peace and quiet were things that Mr. Fleming had been dreaming about for forty-five years. All that time he had worked in a logging camp, most of it as a second-loader, which meant he had the sound of both the yarding machine and the loading machine in his ears nearly all day long and even when he got home there were the voices of his wife and daughter going at him nearly as bad. The way Mr. Fleming saw it, there were three things between him and peace: his job, his unmarried daughter, and his wife. Then in the fall he turned sixty-five and retired at last, and instead of taking on night-watchman or one of the other jobs they sometimes gave old men, he put away his lunch bucket for good and started spending his time just puttering around his little farm.

Sometimes in bed, when Jenny went to sleep before him and her gentle snoring rattled like a window shade, he would imagine what life would be like without her. If that snoring just stopped some night and she was dead. Or if those dogs of hers turned on her with their vicious fangs and tore her to pieces. He could get up with the sun in the mornings and work all day on the farm without ever hearing her voice screeching at him to do this or do that. And he could go off on a drunk that lasted a whole month if he wanted and there wouldn't be *anybody* waiting at home to tear hell out of him when he got back. Usually, on nights when he thought of things like that, he slept heavily and dreamed of a silver plane soaring like an arrow up the sky.

Before falling asleep, though, he thought of the satisfaction it would give him to take those two dogs down to the edge of the river and shoot them between the eyes.

Jen hadn't always been dog-crazy. When Edith and Myrtle were little girls they were always hollering for a pet but Jen had one answer: "You've got cows, and hogs and chickens. What more do you want?" They had nagged at him too, until he thought his heart would break. Once he brought home a little pup for them, but he heard Jen get up in the night and the next morning the pup was dead in its box behind the stove. All the time the girls were crying and carrying on Jenny had just looked at him out of those weasel eyes and never said a word.

Then came the time when instead of two precious little girls they were left with one sullen bald-headed kid who skulked around all day as if looking for something lost. Mr. Fleming brought up the idea of a dog again, for company, but Jenny wasn't budging. "No dog," she said. Then she said, "You can't replace a child with a four footed animal just like that."

She took up chickens to hide her sorrow and he took up drinking. Often he would leave home right after supper on a Friday evening, belly full, and not get home until late Saturday night. That gave her all day Sunday to rant and rave at him and swear up and down one of these times she would kill him. But he noticed that all the time she was giving him hell she was also cooking up a tremendous Sunday dinner for him and holding cold cloths to his throbbing forehead. Sometimes she even sang to him.

Then late one Saturday night when he came home he was met by two German Shepherd dogs who knocked him down and went for his throat. When she had called them off she told him that a woman left alone as often as she was needed some kind of protection. "When I don't have a man here I've at least got those dogs."

"They're killers," he said. "They tried to kill me."

"Yes," she said. "They've been trained. They'll do anything I want." And to prove it she snapped her fingers and the two animals whined and crawled on their bellies at her feet.

"Good boys," she said, and they walked side by side to the boxes she had rigged out with blankets behind the stove.

Fleming hadn't thought seriously of running away forever just yet. There were too many things that held him prisoner. He enjoyed her cooking too much, and working his little farm, and sometimes he even enjoyed the way she would light into him after he'd been on a drunk. After all, he felt, if she didn't care about him would she bother getting herself so worked up over it?

It wasn't until the day Myrtle told him of her engagement that Mr. Fleming thought seriously of leaving home. The sudden knowledge, however, that with his daughter safely out of the way at last there would be only Jen

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between himself and peace started him thinking and planning. Chances were she would outlive him if he stayed; he was too soft a man to get rid of her except in his dreams; the only alternative was flight. In his excitement during the three weeks that remained before the wedding, he easily forgot how much he liked Jenny's cooking, how much he enjoyed working the farm. Instead, he thought only of freedom and how close it was coming. He planned it all out in his mind and made two visits to a travel agent in town. When the day of the wedding came at last he visited the bank and withdrew his entire savings account. He was going to work his way right around the world but he figured it might help to have a little cash in case part-time jobs weren't too easy to get in some countries.

Just before the wedding, though, the old softness started working in him and he put seventy-five dollars into Jenny's cookie jar to help her if she were ever in a pinch.

He went to the ceremony to give the bride away and then he waited until after the reception dinner to tell Jen about his plans.

"You're spilling crumbs all over my floor," she said, through a mouthful of egg sandwich.

He didn't even look down at her floor. She had been the last one out of the house when they left for the church and she'd gone out the door backwards picking up newspapers. "Never mind that," he said. "Your floor will be safe from now on. You can polish it all day long and my dirty foot will never touch it."

Jenny smiled at one of the guests. "Circulate," she said. "You're the bride's father. You're the host."

"I'm nothing here. I've never been nothing. I'm leaving, so you can consider yourself a widow from now on."

Her weasel eyes skitted over his face for a moment. She closed one of them and glared with the other. "Don't you go on a drunk tonight," she said. "Not tonight. If you go out that door tonight you'll never come back through it."

"That's what I've been saying," Mr. Fleming said. "Take care of the stock."

He took one last look at his wife and his daughter and his new son-in-law and his new grown up grandchildren, and walked right out of his home into the cool night air. When the two dogs stood up on either side of the steps and growled their challenge, he reached into the screened-off cooler and tossed them the big pieces of meat he had bought and kept there just for them. He considered taking the pickup but decided to leave that for Jen. Instead he walked out the gravel drive to the highway and caught a ride with the first car heading for town. And because he still had a good hour before the midnight bus would pull out from the depot, he went into the Glory Hotel to have a few beers by himself at a corner table. Then he walked to the bus depot and bought his ticket. He nodded to the driver, who was having coffee at the counter, and checked his pocket to make sure his bottle of rye was there.

Mr. Fleming climbed up into the bus and flopped into a seat half-way back. There was only one other person on the bus, an old lady who snored lightly in the back corner. He held his ticket between thumb and forefinger right out on his knee where he'd be sure to find it when the driver came aboard. With his other hand he patted the bottle in his jacket pocket, and put his head back to rest his eyes. Oh Jen, good riddance, was all he thought. And: At last free from both of them.

Then, because there was no one to see him anyway, he took the top off his bottle, threw back his head, and poured a good quarter of the liquor down his throat. Then he let out one long mouth-open belch and fell asleep.

When Mr. Fleming awoke, the driver still hadn't come back from the coffee counter but there were two new people on board. He could see just the tops of their heads directly in front of him. He could have reached out and touched either one of them if he wanted to. And when he remembered that he was free at last and escaping everything that held him down he felt so good he almost did reach out, just to share his happiness with someone else. Everybody in his life up to today was now part of *before* and these two heads were the first people to be part of his *after*. He wanted to lean forward and touch them to make them turn around and then say How do you do, I'm Raymond Fleming just starting out on a world tour. Just watch them sit up and take notice. World tour? they'd say. Why we're just off to Vancouver for a couple of days ourselves but we'd sure like a world tour some time. They would talk to him all the way down the Island and when they got onto the Ferry they would have coffee together and plan his journey. Then maybe when they arrived in Vancouver they would suggest he stay at the same hotel and take his meals with them. He would write them a post card from Bangkok.

He closed his eyes and imagined these two people (he didn't have faces for them yet, just hair, so he had to imagine them from behind) finding a post card in the mail and saying It's from Bangkok! And then saying, Why it's from that nice Mr. Fleming we talked to on the bus that time. He really is on his way around the world!

He sat tense for a moment, trying to make up his mind. Finally he decided he would do it, but first he took another drink from his bottle for courage. When he was screwing the lid back on, one of the heads turned and said something to the other in a voice which was little more than whisper. But whisper or not, it went through Mr. Fleming like red hot electricity. When you've heard a voice whining around the house for more than thirty years it's not likely you'll fail to recognize it in a bus, even from just the smallest whisper. That head, Mr. Fleming realized, was his own daughter Myrtle starting out on her honeymoon with old Jim Winger.

Once the red hot bolts had passed through his body Fleming went cold all over and stiff. He was afraid to move in case they turned around and saw him there. That post card went through his mind like a joke but he was too scared to laugh.

One thing was sure, he couldn't sit right behind them for seventy miles in this bus. If he was going to travel at all it would have to be in another seat, farther back. Per-

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haps if he got into the back seat by that old woman, or even the seat in front of her, and if he slouched down low. they would never discover he was on that bus.

When Mr. Fleming stood up to move he saw the bus driver come out of the coffee shop and head this way and in that same instant he asked, What if I had gone ahead and reached out to touch that head of hair like I decided? He saw his own finger stretch out and choose the one on the left, and at the last moment saw it jerk ahead and push too hard. The wig would slip aside and his hand would fall on that bare pink scalp. At the thought his stomach started boiling and churning and suddenly he knew he had to get off that bus. He stepped quickly to the front with his head ducked, hurried down the steps, and brushed past the driver close enough to mumble: "Changed my mind."

And he did, too, about everything. When the bus had started up and moved out in a cloud of diesel smoke and become only a vague sound growing dimmer, he said to himself, "I'm going home," as if he was a world tourist just climbed down off that bus at last, weary from travelling.

First he only said the words and didn't mean them. But the sound of his own voice inside his head saying "I'm going home" snapped on a picture of his kitchen table just sagging down with food Jenny had laid out on it for him: clam chowder and curried shrimp and a heaping bowl of potatoes in butter and a plate heaped high with homemade doughnuts and a hot blackberry pie and oh, Mr. Fleming nearly fainted from imagining it all. Jenny Fleming was the best damn cook on the Island and right now Mr. Fleming would give his right arm as a price if she'd take it, just to be able to sit down at that table and eat. He turned north and headed up the sidewalk to the edge of town and when the sidewalk ended he kept right on going up the gravel shoulder beside the road. The wedding party would have folded by now and all the guests would be home. Jenny would be tidying the house up and getting ready for bed. He had twelve miles to walk and if he hurried he could probably make it home before dawn.

Out on the highway Mr. Fleming walked like a man who had seen freedom. He laughed to himself and sometimes sang a few notes just for company. The firs and alders along the road were a black wall that reached right up into the sky. He looked up and searched for stars but there were none so he lowered his eyes again to the road and kept walking fast. He waited until a car approached and then took out his engraved pocket watch to see the time in the headlights. It was twenty-five minutes after midnight.

In the morning he would get up just a little late but would go about his chores as if nothing were different. First the cows had to be milked and let out to pasture, then the hogs slopped, and if he still felt as good as he did right now he just might take the tractor out back and do some more clearing. For years and years he had worked in that logging camp with one dream in mind: to spend all day just puttering around his little farm. And here he had gone and almost ruined that dream out of stubbornness and stupidity.

Mr. Fleming crossed the ditch and sat down on a clump of weed. His heart was pounding like an outboard. His heart was pounding so hard from excitement he thought it was going to fly apart. Old Jen, she'd be standing there on the porch waiting to light into him like a wildcat same as always. She'd give him holy old hell just like every other time and she'd enjoy every minute of it and she'd know that he was enjoying it too but that wouldn't stop her. Life would be normal again.

After a while his heart slowed down enough for him to get up and go on walking. For a minute there wasn't a sound in the whole night but the slapping of his shoes on the pavement, not a dog or a car or even the whisper of a breeze anywhere.

"I wonder how many times a man's got to run away from home," he said, just to break the silence. But no answer came except the far-off hum of a car somewhere behind him and later the noise of it getting closer. When its lights gold-threaded the telephone wires up ahead he swung and held out his thumb for a ride. But the car roared past him like a gust of hot wind.

"Son of a bitch," Mr. Fleming yelled after the car. And because he knew he could never say that to a single person in the world and really *mean* it, he laughed aloud and started a chorus of "Auld Lang Syne" to celebrate. He sang Should auld acquaintance be forgot to the road and the trees and the sky and then he hiccoughed and forgot the next line so he just hummed it.

It wasn't dawn yet and the darkness of the sky had barely changed when he came at last to his own farm. The sight of the old house in the trees, white and shining from a new coat of paint, made him feel good all over again, like a man saved from drowning. He almost shouted just out of sheer joy. But in his excitement he turned off the road too soon and one foot slipped right down into the ditch with his body coming down heavy on top of it. A sharp pain cut through his ankle.

He sat and panted for a moment, waiting for the pain to go away, hoping the racket hadn't startled Jenny. But he heard the front door latch click and when he looked up, there was Jen on the verandah swinging the beam of a flashlight over the front yard. He got up out of the ditch and limped over to where she could see him.

"Jen," he called. "It's me. I'm back." And he stepped through the gate onto the path that led up to the front door. "I'm home."

The shotgun blast was a force beyond his hearing; it was as if he had flown into a wall of mountain. The blow of the pellets entering his chest and face flung him back a full three feet against the gate post, his arms extended as if to gather in all the pain she had to give. Then slowly, as the terrible light began to fade, he slid down that cedar post into a sitting position and folded his large hands in his lap.

When Jenny swung the light in that direction, Fleming's body was sitting spread-legged at the base of the gate post and grinning like a bloody-faced madman directly

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into the beam of the flashlight. She placed the shotgun carefully on the verandah railing and walked down the steps slowly and right down the path until she stood a few feet away, still holding the beam of her flashlight on his face.

She stared at the body a full minute and said "Yes." Then she nodded and said "Yes" again and added "That's Raymond all right" like someone viewing wreckage and went back to the house to telephone.

The next morning when the neighbors came and sat in her cool shaded living room drinking tea or dandelion wine she said, "A wedding and a death all in one night."

"Yes," they said. "Joy and sorrow hand in hand. You don't know what'll happen next."

"I could've just loosed the dogs to hold him down," she said, "but somebody poisoned them. We found them both dead on the driveway when the wedding broke up last night." She passed around a heaping tray of cookies and cakes left over from the reception. Taking a large slice of pink cake herself, she sat down on a chair to eat it. "I thought it was a stranger prowling around in the night, maybe a burglar."

They nibbled on their cakes and said "Of course" and nodded. "You couldn't know."

"I'm getting older," she said. "An old lady alone can't take no chances."

ELIZABETH BARTLETT

WHAT ANIMAL

They start to vegetate
before the cells are green;
before the bones can sprout
a root and send a leaf
or stalk above the ground,
they sit and wait.

I see them sleep away
the years like fruit left
to cool and dry, their seeds
unused until the next
ripening. Asleep,
they wait for day.

Conditioned to the night,
how quietly they speed
the slow hours to an end,
as though to end the dream
by dreaming and waken
to new light.

What animal would die
before it dies, is dead,
before its eyes despair
as, with a parting breath,
it turns from sun and air
with a terrible cry?

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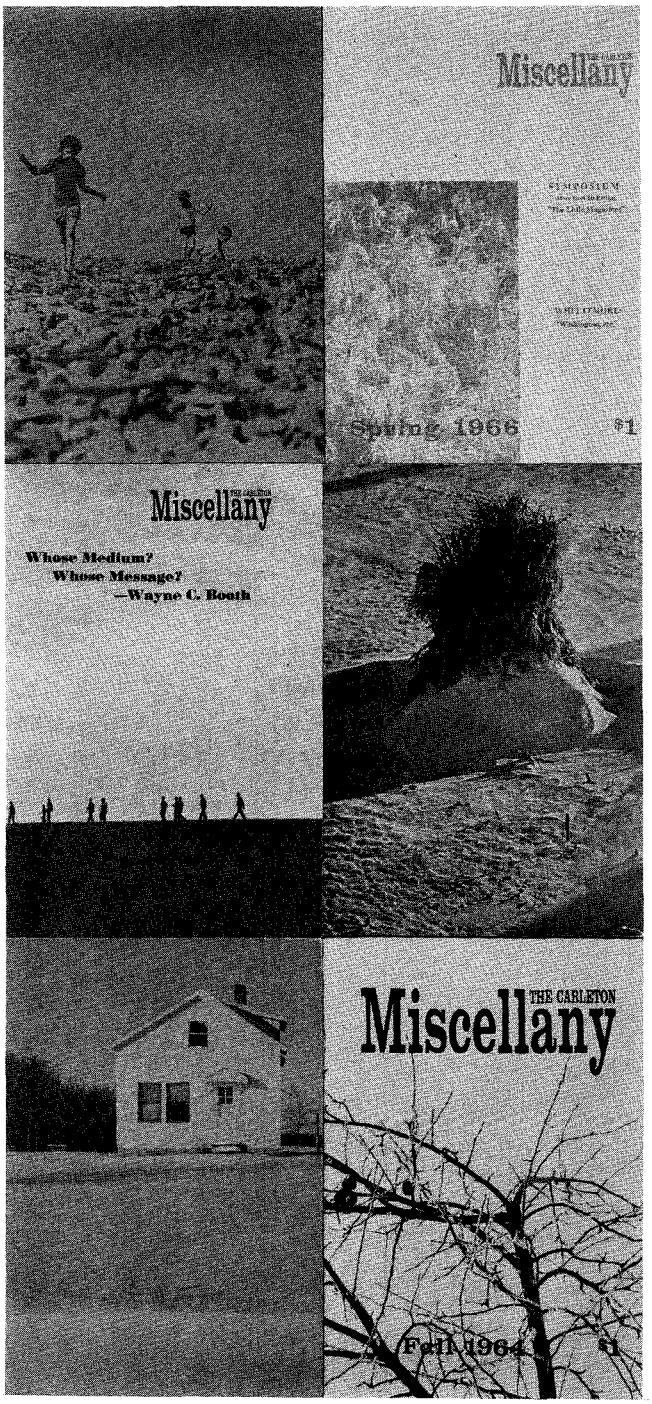
COVERY



Photographs by Erling Larsen

In our reading *(noblesse oblige)* of other American quarterlies, we have been consistently impressed by the covers of *The Carleton Miscellany*—most of them from the camera of the *Miscellany's* editor, Erling Larsen. What, we wondered, would the pictures look like without all that distracting overprinting? The answer is only a page-turn away.

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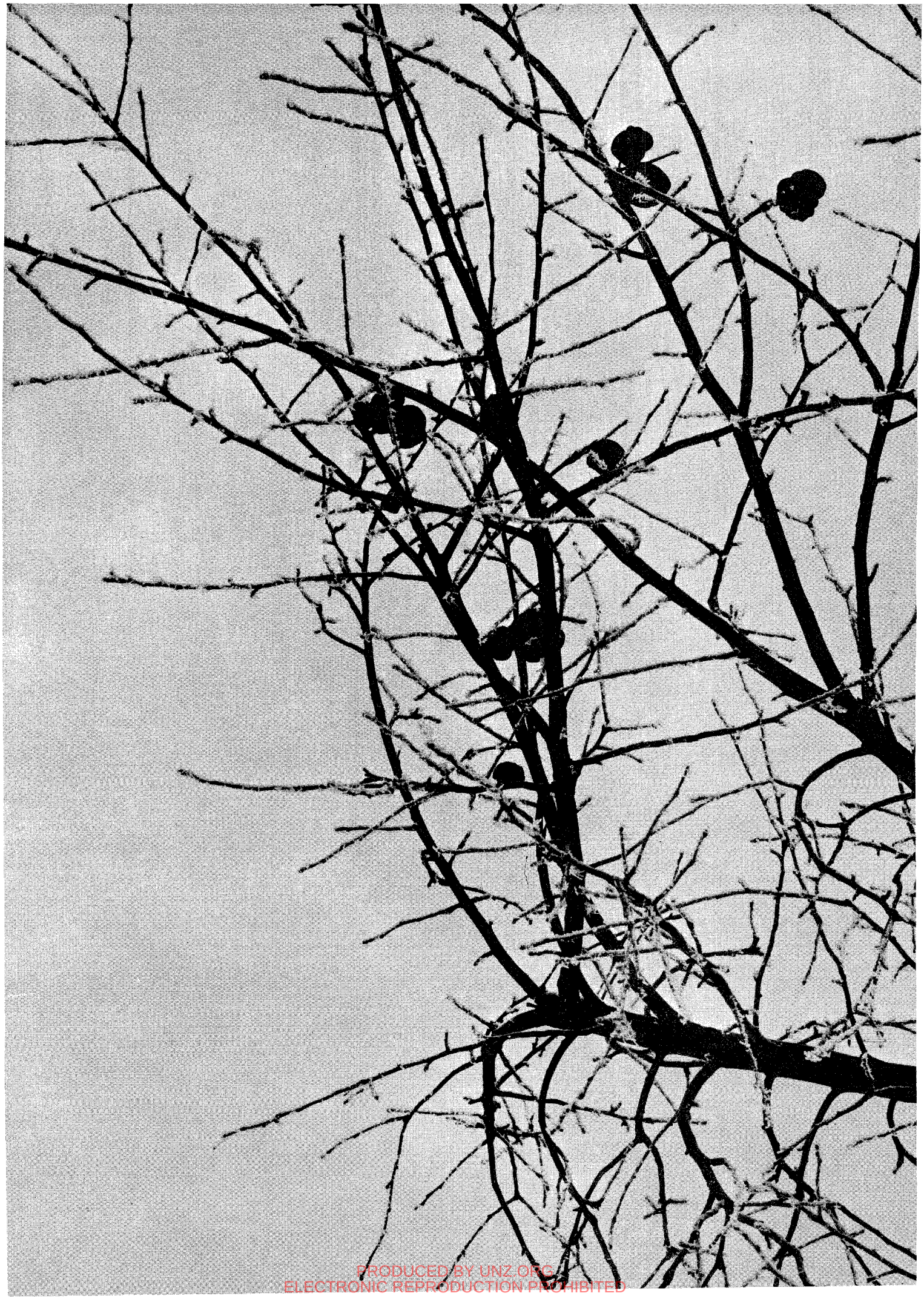

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JOHN TAGGART

WE ARE NOT TAKEN BY YOUR IMPECCABLE MANNERS, COROT

("Woman With Child," 1871)

We are not taken
by your impeccable manners,
Corot.
It is no use to insist gently
that this is
how the light is
in Tuscany.
This is a black ink drawing
of a boy without any clothes on
giving an apple to a dark woman.
Who would not want
to be this child,
who would not want
to give an apple
to a dark woman
with small breasts and closed eyes.
She kneels, even,
to make it easier.
She could be
his mother, an older sister
or just a dark woman who
likes boys.
They are
behind the side of a hill; though
the trees
are incomplete, no one
can see them.
She may ask
him
to touch her small breasts
or thank
him for the apple
in the language of his own city.
Anything can happen.

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Bias

Myths and the Arab-Israeli Conflict

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right
hand forget her cunning.
If I do not remember thee, let my tongue
cleave to the roof of my mouth;
If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.
(Psalms 137:5-6)

Palestine, my homeland, I have
No greater love, purpose, or future . . .
Palestine, my homeland,
The Cradle of Christ and the foothold of
Muhammad's Leap
Are crying out to us . . .
(Contemporary Arabic refugee poetry)

Basheer K. Nijim

The basic issues in the Arab-Israeli conflict have been clouded by a variety of myths, which in turn have contributed to the persistence of the conflict. Foremost among such myths have been the following four.

First has been the presumption that the conflict is a religious one. This is by no means the case, for the problem is fundamentally a political one. Factors which have contributed to the development of this myth are dominated by two in particular. First, there is the mistaken equation of the terms "Arab" and "Muslim." It is true that Arabs are mostly Muslim, and that Islam initially was spread by the Arabs, but it is also true that, today, for instance, Pakistan, a non-Arab state, alone has about as many Muslims as all the Arab states combined, and that this also applies to Muslim non-Arab Indonesia. Even in India the Muslim population is larger than the entire population of any one Arab country. On the other hand, it is true that one out of every fifteen Jordanians is a Christian Arab, and that Christians comprise half of Lebanon's population. In fact, in the case of Lebanon there has been such a tradition of Christian dominance that the president of the republic has always been a Christian. (The government of Lebanon reflects a precarious communal balance, and the latter is so delicate that the government has not undertaken a census for three decades for fear of discovering that differential birth rates may have resulted in a change in the proportional composition of the population. Such a change would have to be reflected in the governmental make-up, which in turn would bring about a domestic crisis too serious to contemplate.)

There should be no mystery in the suggestion that an Arab may be a Christian. To begin with, it was in Palestine, after all, that Christianity started—not in Athens, nor in Rome, nor in Los Angeles. The indigenes of southwest Asia thus experienced Christianity for seven centuries before the rise of Islam. (Year "one" in the Muslim calendar is equivalent to 622 A.D.) Today's Christian Arabs are those descendants of the pre-Muslim Middle East who never gave up Christianity in the first place. Conversion from Islam to Christianity has been as rare as from Christianity to Islam—though both have occurred. Most of the Christian Arabs thus belong to early groups, though there has been a recent introduction of "Protestant" denominations. For instance, the Jordanian Lutheran Church has four organized congregations, with indigenous pastors; that is, pastors who were born and raised as Arabs, who think of themselves as Arabs, and who are cer-

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tainly Lutherans. Their work, for instance, is not missionary work in the conventional sense. They are local pastors of local churches. When it comes to politics and nationalism and foreign relations, Episcopalian Christian Arabs are as ardent in their involvement as are Greek Orthodox Christian Arabs and Roman Catholic Christian Arabs and Maronite Christian Arabs and Sunni Muslim Arabs and Shia Muslim Arabs. Surely there is no mystery in this, just as there is no mystery in finding that American nationalism is felt by Baptist Americans and Methodist Americans and Jewish Americans and Presbyterian Americans and agnostic Americans and atheistic Americans.

A Jordanian Arab Lutheran pastor speaks of Arab nationalism as "nothing but self-realization," and he argues that "It is a basic duty of missionaries to strengthen and foster the Arabism of the people, and to avoid what could be interpreted as Westernization of the younger Churches, culturally or politically." Thus one must not be at all surprised to note that it was a Christian Arab, George Antonius, who wrote, with much compassion and involvement, the classic history of the rise of Arab nationalism (*The Arab Awakening*, 1938); that Sirhan Sirhan, who reacted with tragic violence to Senator Robert Kennedy's advocacy of selling phantom jets to Israel, also is a Christian Arab; and that Dr. George Habbash (a physician), founder in 1948 of the Arab Nationalist Movement and the present leader of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, also is a Christian Arab. Again, a Christian Arab poet contemplates "occupied Palestine" and vents his emotion in the following words.

If Jesus could see it now,
He would preach *jihad* with the sword!
The land in which He grew
Has given birth to a million slaves.
Why does not He revolt,
Settle the account, tooth for tooth and eye for eye!
Notwithstanding all His teachings,
The West's dagger is red with blood.
O apostle of forgiveness!
Dazed by calamity, I do not know the answer:
Is it true you lived to suffer?
Is it true you came to redeem?
O apostle of forgiveness! In our misfortune
Neither forgiveness nor love avail!

To illustrate further the fallacy in assuming that Arabs are Muslims, one may note the usual reference to "Allah" as being the supreme being of the Muslims (or Mohammedans, to use a common misnomer). Arabic and Hebrew are both Semitic languages. Note that both have the same word for god (the vowel variation is linguistically minor). In Arabic the definite article *al* is used to identify *the* God, and with elision *al-elah* becomes the familiar *allah* (neither Arabic nor Hebrew employs capitalization). In Hebrew the change is made by adding *-im*, the masculine plural ending. Allah is thus simply the Arabic word for God (one does not, for instance, say that the French worship a god called Dieu and the Germans a god called Gott), and it is used by Christian Arabs as well—for instance in the creed: I believe in Allah . . . .

English	*Arabic*	*Hebrew*
god	elah	eloh
God	al-elah (allah)	elohim

A second reason contributing to the presumption that the Arab-Israeli conflict is a religious one is the existence of a Judaeo-Christian tradition. This is especially true in the West. There seems to be an automatic affinity between "us Christians" and "them Jews" because of the continuity of the two sets of scriptures, at least from the point of view of Christians. Israel is the fulfillment of Christian-adopted prophecies recorded by Jewish raconteurs. To quote the Jordanian Arab Lutheran pastor again, "If we were to rejoice at the establishment of the State of Israel as a fulfillment of Old Testament prophecy, then how would we as Christians understand the New Testament—the new covenant—the crucifixion, and the redemptive act of God in Christ? . . . If the Jews named their state other than Israel (which of course they would not), then the term would be removed from the political arena, and would remain for us an unblemished expression of religious connotation: The People of God, in the Old and the New Testaments." To see in the establishment of Israel the handiwork of God not only is resented and rejected by Christian Arabs, but also is denied by a good many Jews, particularly members of the American Council of Judaism. In fact, a former Executive Director of that organization, Rabbi Elmer Berger, once addressed a national convention of Arab students in the United States on the topic: "Zionist Propaganda and How to Combat it." If Jesus had not been a Jew, would so many Christians have cheered the Israeli banner?

* * *

Thus, one must understand that the conflict basically is a political and not a religious one. Stripped to its essence, it is simple to understand. Two groups of people covet the same territory, and neither is willing to give in. Disagreement becomes inevitable, and the unshakable adamance on both sides reduces the number of alternatives to one: physical conflict, or war. The "Palestine problem" can be traced back to the second half of the Nineteenth Century, with the beginnings of two divergent nationalisms: Zionism and Arab nationalism. The former looked forward to the day when a secular state would be established for the Jewish people, and the latter worked for the independence of a large Arab state. The difficulty arose because of an overlap in territorial expectations: the Zionist choice devolved on Palestine (possibilities in South America and Africa were rejected), and Palestine was in the heart of the hoped-for Arab state. In 1917, at the time of the Balfour Declaration (which Zionists interpreted as a British support of the idea of a Jewish state in Palestine), Palestine's dominant population was Arab, with a 9% Jewish minority. Despite rapid immigration, spurred to a considerable extent by

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the misfortune of European Jews, and despite a higher Arab birth rate, the Jewish proportion was still one third of the total and owned only 6% of the land of Palestine by 1948, when the Jewish community succeeded in forcefully establishing the state of Israel. The Arab non-recognition of the legitimacy of Zionist aims (as embodied in part by the present extent of Israel) has not wavered and has contributed to the unusual fact that Israel has never had any international boundaries; the territorial limits of its presence have been armistice demarcation lines, and today the area under its control is bounded by cease-fire lines. I do not expect that the borders, wherever they be, will become contractual instead of power-political.

A second myth which has pervaded discussion of the Arab-Israeli confrontation is that the conflict is a function of the cold war. It is true that the cold war has been affected by the conflict, and that in turn it has influenced certain aspects of the conflict, but it is also true that the conflict would have existed if there never had been a cold war. A corollary fallacy is that the conflict is a recent development—certainly, let us say, since World War Two. This is quite wrong. The problem goes back to the latter part of the Nineteenth Century, to the beginnings of Zionism and Arab nationalism. The basic premise of Zionism—the creation of a Jewish state in what happens to be Arab territory—could never have been accepted by the Arabs, and it is still not. For a long time Britain, which in 1919 became the mandatory power over Palestine, was at the receiving end of the displeasure of both Zionists and Arab nationalists: Zionists because Britain did not let into Palestine more Jewish immigrants than were able to enter (illegally as well as legally), and Arabs because any Jews were admitted at all. Neither the United States nor the Soviet Union was a "party" to the dispute until the 1940's. In fact, Arab nationalists repeatedly hark back to the days of President Woodrow Wilson and his Fourteen Points, especially the one about self-determination. The Arab disenchantment with the U.S. may be said to have reached a first peak with the presidency of Mr. Truman, who, from the point of view of many Arabs, did more to hasten the establishment of the Israeli state than any other one man. Arab-American relations have never recovered, though there were hopeful moments during Eisenhower's administration. For a variety of reasons which need not be taken up here, the United States policy has been clearly more favorable to the Israeli than to the Arab position. In fact, Scranton's suggestion late in 1968 that the Nixon administration should follow a more "even-handed" policy toward the Middle East was a cause of immediate concern for Israel and for Israeli sympathizers in the U.S. (I have often wondered why the "even-handed" phrase has never again appeared in U.S. pronouncements on the subject, especially in view of the seemingly fervent and continued U.S. search for a "solution" to the conflict.) And now we hear that an American does not lose his U. S. citizenship if he volunteers to serve in the Israeli army. Is it any wonder that some Arabs truly believe that they are fighting the U. S. as well as Israel?

This "cold war myth" also purports that Arab states are hardly more than Soviet marionettes, and that they are rampantly infected with malicious communism. Such a presumption at best is the product of a simplistic bad-guys good-guys mentality. In the United Arab Republic (that is, Egypt), where Soviet involvement has been most pronounced, the communist party is illegal, despite enormous Soviet pressures to the contrary. In Jordan, not only is communism illegal, but the monarch, King Hussein, has risked his throne and life by adamantly and persistently maintaining a pro-Western position, despite tempting and repeated Soviet overtures. Lebanon, perhaps the most "pro-Western," was the victim of a devastating Israeli raid on its civil international airport last Christmas. The point of the matter is that Arab states are not pro-American or anti-American, nor are they pro- or anti-Soviet. They are simply pro-Arab, and if by being pro-Arab they engage in activity which outsiders interpret as anti-American, the error is in the mind of the beholder. More than a semantic exercise is involved, however, because the cold-war fallacy is not only that, a fallacy, but is also potentially dangerous. For if the U.S. decision makers are misled into viewing the problem through a narrow cold war visor, then it will become a cold war problem and will acquire a stature high in the hierarchy of global confrontations. As a result, the chances for a settlement become nil. If, however, the conflict is recognized as one between two local nationalisms, then the conflict components are more readily identified, isolated, and ranked, and the problem becomes more amenable to resolution.

A third myth is that Arab nationalism is a "reaction to the creation of Israel." The error in this belief has already been hinted at. Arab nationalism was a struggle against centuries of Turkish rule, and it started half a century before a political entity by the name of Palestine was delimited in 1919, and a century before a state of Israel was proclaimed. An early titular leader was Sharif Hussein (a great grandfather of Jordan's King Hussein) who, during World War One, engaged in a correspondence with the British government (the so-called Hussein-McMahon Correspondence of 1915-1916). Hussein was led to believe that, should the Arabs revolt against Turkey in favor of the Allies, Britain would support the establishment of Arab sovereignty in

LOUIS GINSBERG

RUMINATIONS

I bought stock in time
That kept rising,
Levitated by music and sunsets.

If I stepped on my life
I would step on bells.

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the liberated lands. This "promise" was made before the "promise" of the Balfour Declaration of 1917. The Arabs did revolt (this is where Lawrence of Arabia comes in) and the Allies did win. Meanwhile, however, Britain had also concluded a secret agreement with France and Russia for the division among themselves of the Turkish Empire. (This so-called Sykes-Picot Agreement of 1916 was made public by the Bolsheviks after their take-over in November, 1917.) The Arab world was thus dismembered into a series of mandatories and dependencies. The energies which were initially directed against Turkey were now spent in "anti-colonial" activities against the British and the French. Palestine was only part of this widespread turmoil, though here, with the rapid increase in the effectiveness of Zionist activity, the struggle was three-sided. After half a century the Arab territories became independent, except for Palestine where the Zionist movement had an overpowering dynamism. The Arab-Israeli struggle is ultimately a struggle between Israel (or Zionism) and the Palestinian Arabs. The other Arab states became involved initially (in 1948) at the request of the unorganized and hardly armed Palestine Arabs, but, with Israel's military successes, they became more directly involved in defending their own territories as well as in attempting to retrieve those portions of their territories conquered by an expanding Israel. Thus, Arab states today are certainly concerned, in fact worried, about a militarily powerful Israel. But as a movement, Arab nationalism is independent of Zionism and looks forward to the day when a large unified Arab state will come into being. It is worth recalling that George Antonius' history of Arab nationalism appeared in 1938, ten years before Israel proclaimed its existence.

A fourth myth is that Israel is a democratic state. This is a logical impossibility. Israel was established expressly as a Jewish state for Jews everywhere. One of its primary functions is the "ingathering of the exiles," and this objective is embodied in the country's Law of Return whereby any Jew can become a citizen the moment he sets foot in Israel. So far so good. But how about the indigenous non-Jews who as late as 1948 accounted for two-thirds of the Promised Land's population? Clearly, they cannot "belong" in a state which aims to become as Jewish as France is French and England is English. For instance, Arabs are not permitted to form their own political parties but must act through existing Jewish parties. Arabs in occupied Jerusalem are not permitted to sell real estate property to other Arabs, even though both parties may have lived there before Israel came into existence in 1948. If economic hardship forces them to seek life elsewhere, say in Amman or in Beirut, their property is seized by the Israeli custodian over absentee property and is then disposed of as Israeli authorities see fit, perhaps for the settlement of prospective Jewish immigrants. Arabs in the occupied territories are subject to arrest, imprisonment, or forced eviction to beyond the cease-fire lines without due process. Assuming that a "settlement" is not soon forthcoming, so that the existing territorial and population relationships maintain, then, given the higher birth rate among the Arabs, it is estimated that within a generation the Jews will become a minority in Israel. Yet the Jews cannot afford to lose control of the government by permitting a democracy, because then Israel will cease to exist as conceived. This dilemma is inherent in the essence of Zionism and the very idea of an Israel, and it led a group of American missionaries in Beirut to decry what they termed "an ethnically myopic state" and to call for the "de-Zionization" of Israel, so that Arabs and Jews would have equal rights (Associated Press, June 16, 1969). It is not enough to maintain an attitude of condescending benevolence toward the Arabs. As long as Israel maintains its non-democratic exclusivism, it will not secure a state of peace.

The Zionist view of Israel as ultimately a refuge for all world Jewry must make life awkward for non-Israeli Jews who want to be pro-Israel and yet who want to maintain their American or French or Italian citizenship. Dr. Nahum Goldmann, speaking as President of the World Zionist Organization, called upon diaspora Jewry "to have the courage to reject the idea that Jewish communities owe loyalty to the states where they live." (*The Jewish Chronicle* [London], March 24, 1961.) To Mrs. Golda Meir, "Israel is determined not to yield the right to speak on any Jewish subject. If there are Jews abroad who find themselves embarrassed by this attitude, let them be embarrassed." (*The Jewish Chronicle*, April 8, 1960.) And in October 1969, on her return from an official visit to the United States, Prime Minister Meir urged a United Jewish Appeal mission: "American Jews' first priority should be to come to Israel. One of the things we need is more Jews from all over." (Associated Press, Oct. 20, 1969.) What should a Jew, say from Iowa, do? Where is his national allegiance?

The Christian clergyman who sees in political Israel a religious symbolism and who preaches with awe and marvel that, once the ingathering of the exiles is completed the day of judgement will be at hand, is guilty, quite innocently, of advocating a form of anti-Semitism. The Baptist friend of that Jew from Iowa must wonder why the Jew has not yet felt the call, for surely, in God's plan, he does not belong *here*.

In looking to the future, I do not foresee the disappearance of these myths, and so I find no reason for optimism, say for the balance of this century. Except for occasional territorial changes, the non-peace will continue. Israel's basic premise is that it must exist as a Jewish state. The Arab basic premise is that Israel's existence is a form of aggression and that it will not be accepted because of its ethnic exclusivism. Each side is convinced that in time the other side will "see the light." Neither side will change its perspective on what "the light" looks like, because each side is unshakably convinced of its own unimpeachable righteousness.

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A. POULIN, JR.:

1
According to our calculations
You were expected long ago.

But still you crouch inside
The cage of your mother's veins,

A creature conceived by another
Creature, winged, sacred, secret.

Others like you have been known
To be too early or too late,

And we've been always unprepared.
Advent is our only season.

2
Although this winter night's
Ablaze with shafts of lightning

Edged with mauve and echoes
With the roar of thunder

Like the sea crashing down
On a pursuing army,

What can I do? I can't
Deliver you from your captivity.

And once you've escaped
Into this wilderness

Where every night promises
No more than itself, and you

Have shown a measure of good
Will and a capacity to survive,

I'll be of no greater use
To you. I'm no one's delegate.

My laws are my own, shifting
With the sand I walk on.

I can't legislate for you, and
I can't promise you the land,

When I can't promise you a day.
I'm amazed by every morning;

I sing and dance, even for the sand,
And praise the burning at my feet.

Baby, I'm a desert creature,
One of a nomad tribe, accustomed

To betrayal by the mirage of need.
But this is what I chose,

With David, Ruth and Paul: exile,
The terror of the constant sun

Obliterating every trace of prayer
And law from the ghetto of my tongue;

The wind demolishing my words,
Sand seeping in my bones instead

Of rats spying on my every wish,
Attacking every hope, every night.

But this is what I chose,
Rather than complicity with prelates

Who, with a Nazi zeal,
Will execute their own,

Make candles of their fat,
Censers of their skulls,

Stoles of their embroidered skin —
Sacramental for their rituals

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IN ADVENT

To preserve the rich, pure blood
Of their infected race.

I am obsessed by the memory
Of murdered friends.

In dreams I finger their bones
Like beads, burning.

Their ashes stir and glow
In the reliquaries of my eyes.

Baby, this is what I chose:
The expanse of spaces where

I can walk and breathe
An uncontaminated air.

If you should choose to search
For still another atmosphere,

You'll have to find your own
Way out. I can't deliver you.

3
Where do we go from here?
What frontier, sea or galaxy

Will we have to cross, disguised
As night creatures, warming our hands

To the thin embers of twigs,
Feeding on cactus or raw fish,

And slaking our throats with salt
Water or the juices of wild locust

Like fugitives to find asylum?
What drunken governor, anxious

For the safety of his state,
Will sign your execution?

How many innocents will soldiers
Slaughter so you can live?

In what deserts, jungles, city
Streets will you wage the war

The rest of us keep losing
Every day? Each day conquered.

What friend will betray you
To the priests? What priest

Will sell you to the state?
Baby, we're all Jews, all Black.

Every minute is an exodus.
Hours roar like cattle trains.

Each day is an oven, and
Our skulls wish for the bullet's kiss.

4
Baby, I don't know
If you've been fathered

To be a prince of peace
Or criminal. My name

In the official census
Is Joseph. All I can

Do is build a bed
And roof for you, supply

You with my name,
My blood and race,

My species; then, season
After season, wait.

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A Story by Edwin Nierenberg

PAX IN BELLO

The disturbance began right in the middle of my paper on "Technique as Subject Matter in Higher Education." It was a late Friday afternoon, our two-day agenda was running over, and so I addressed an audience of almost unprofessionally receptive scholars, what with my paper as the last check-point between the heavy traffic of conference rooms and egress into a holiday weekend by the Golden Gate. Truly everything was on my side, when the shouts and the chanting began in the street. Someone kindly closed the windows and I went on, trying, above the racket, to remain composed. However, soon I was merely shouting words, and when I finished the sole tribute possible was to my stentorian durability. To end the debacle and ease everyone's embarrassment, I led them to the windows.

From our mezzanine room we looked down on the pickets. They were moving steadily in line around the hotel, many of them carrying signs like rifles, others chanting "Jim Crow Must Go" and "We Will Fight For Freedom—Freedom Now!" Ordinary crowds, and sometimes simply the thought of cities, can give me the sense of a battlefield, but from our window these demonstrators seemed orderly enough. Some were Negroes but most of the pickets, including the children, were white, and the policemen, a few of them also black, observed calmly with hands clasped behind them. For a while it seemed more a communal parade than a protest. In the street, leaning easily against a parked car, a well-dressed Negro smiled as he spoke to a man with a microphone and shoulder-slung tape recorder. I wondered how he could be heard above the background noise. How strange that I, an expert on communication techniques, had neglected to bring my own PA system.

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As we watched the demonstration, a local professor informed us visitors to San Francisco that the pickets had chosen to march against this hotel as an emblem of their protest against the city's lack of sufficient job opportunities for Negroes. This was solace of a sort; if my performance must be mangled, at least have it sacrificed to a Cause. But any reprieve seemed shattered, when I recognized my own son, David, in gray sport jacket and white canvas shoes, marching with a sign: "Are You For or Against Human Dignity?" As he turned the corner, the entire line now singing "We Shall Overcome," I slipped my paper into its manila folder, then slowly faded back from the window, trying not to seem a sneak as I left the conference room.

My room on the next floor was unshared, the extra cost unsubsidized by my conference allowance, but I had planned to spend some time entertaining David and his university friends, bull sessions and all. I lowered the blinds and lay on my bed. The chants from the street recalled to me the many shabby, bearded youths, the messy-haired girls in leotards, far outnumbering the well-dressed matrons and elderly men. Doubtless this was an opportunity for the youngsters to exploit equally their banner-bright commitment to civil rights and their expedient kick at the shins of authority. Or so I, the spectator, told myself, trying blamelessly to doubt the sincerity or dignity of their protest, for a cause is only so good as those who *are* the cause. Or was that my own expedient kick, my vain compromise between the starry skies above and the moral thaw within my sweaty body politic?

I was still hurting over the disaster in the conference room. More than a little had I yearned to return from San Francisco to my prairie columns of ivy like a Coriolanus from Actium to Rome. Peace, peace, in a pleasant home in a pleasant village; *pax in bello*, far from the city hordes maneuvering against nature to heave up ever newer, ever unholier Tracts for our Times. A pleasant

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college where classes are small enough to permit you to distinguish a student from a tick mark on a roll call sheet; and where students weigh their courses not by the cost or weight of required texts but by the intimate exchange of ideas, an intercourse that may become as personal as sex—and, for some, perhaps a substitute for it. But in the wedding of ideas miscegenation is the only way for true communion. My talk today might not have made this a better or more possible world, but at least some of my peers, those urbane university men trafficking amidst their high-rising bibliographies, might have realized that intelligence and sensitivity were also arterial crossings out on the prairie. Instead they had witnessed an angry and rural middle-aged man, hallooing at them his soft sentiments, thundering his tender ideals, just to make himself heard.

Yes, yes, I was petty and vain, and of course irrational in my reaction to the intruding racket. Now as ever, between the darkness of ignorance and the shadow of ignominy gleamed the conscience-salving blade of awareness. How well I knew my vanity as my pride limped hard, enjoying the aggravated wound that allowed me to tell myself that, in my resentment, I was, after all, only human. For that, too, I could thank the demonstration.

"We Want Freedom—Freedom Now."

The cry came through my window like a rock, perhaps thrown by David himself. "Sorry, Dad," he had said over the telephone on the night I arrived; "I'd do anything to see you, but *man*, this *crucifier* of an exam. And then two more. Like a countdown beginning at minus-one." I remembered how it was to be all books and benzedrine the week of Finals, so I did not burden David with the awareness I had applied for this conference especially to see him, and in a way more spontaneous, gratuitous, than awaiting the promulgations of a college calendar. Of course, it was also a nice brief respite from a prairie winter, and a chance to meet some old friends and reminisce about the years when seasons penetrated less, and heat was generated without degrees. Sure enough, on my first night I ran into several old G. I. Bill-killers. Together we celebrated with a Bergman double-header and then went North Beaching among the sandal-souled, ending up in the taxi-harem of Haji Baba, where, as I post-carded my wife Sheila: *Last night I saw a belly dance, and you will hardly believe how much it toned up my tummy muscles for the better. Big performance tomorrow. Wish me. Wish you.* A good night out, and one I couldn't have shared with David, and so it prepped me finer for the one we might share, I fresh from victory, he the lucky son of a conqueror.

"Jim Crow Must Go."

"Jobs Mean Freedom."

"Freedom Now."

Well, the bed of self-pity is the most procrustean of all, adaptable to all our postures; besides, Liberty Call had gone hours ago, so I straightened up for a try at the hotel restaurant. The lobby was crowded, especially around each window where spectators peeked between the blinds, others behind them chattering as they awaited their turn at a voyeuristic snoop, followed by a sanitary sniff of moral outrage. Swiftly I went through the lobby and out into the brisk evening. A bearded picket looked at me, waiting until I was close before he shouted, "Race relations in San Francisco are a stench and an abomination. Do not empathize with the smelly white power structure." I lighted my pipe and waited for David. Pickets passed before me, singing and chanting and nodding their heads to the clap of their hands. When he saw me he gripped his sign with both hands. I fell in beside him.

"Well met, a little more than kin, a little less than kind."

"Sorry. I mean, I guess I should have told you."

"Certainly not. Never reveal secrets to the enemy."

"This was no secret, Dad. The police were told all . . . oh, yeah. I mean, I'm sorry." He walked slowly, measuring the pace of his smudged shoes, and my smudging presence. He shrugged. "I guess I was afraid you wouldn't understand."

"Bigots never do."

"Come on, Dad, don't make it that way, please." Other pickets turned to us as if David might need help. I tried to stop thinking of ways to give them cause.

"All I want to know, David, is why you had to lie to me."

Again he shrugged, his shoulders performing that youthful fillip of disdain and wonder: if you're my father, how come you're so dense? "For the same reason, I guess, you call it a lie now."

"And you didn't call me yesterday, you didn't plead the tough, tough test, you didn't beg—"

"All right, Dad. Yes, I lied."

"Didn't I know from your letters you were involved in civil rights? Did I ever discourage you?"

"Yes, sir, you knew. But I just, I was just worried you wouldn't understand. I mean, the marching in public and all."

I paused, then said it anyhow. "Perhaps you didn't want me to understand. That way the martyrdom is more complete."

"Dad, for God's sake, I'm not a martyr. Maybe that's why I didn't tell you."

"And I'm not a crucifier. Not at least on Fridays. By the way, your mother and sister send their love. That's the message they entrusted to me. And something else," I said, and grabbed his sign. Stepping in front of him I thrust the sign high and marched in line. Pickets near us cheered, but I didn't dare look at his face. Twice I marched around the hotel before I turned to hand him his sign. He tried to smile, but my communication was too clear, my triumph too complete.

"I'm going to eat, son. Can I bring you something?"

"No, thanks. Some volunteers are bringing sandwiches. Thanks anyhow."

Complete and irrefragable. Asculum, Asculum, another empiric victory. He was right, I had not marched with him, but for my own exorcism, the consolation of devils.

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After supper I returned to my room rather than endure that lobby, where the visitors had left the windows to form clubby little groups, like bands of pilgrims shriving each other for having left their safe hamlets, yet finding hope for grace in the eventual proprietary righteousness of All Decent Americans. But upstairs my room seemed no better, the muted pastels of my walls and furniture calling up an image of a hand held tight across a silent but screaming mouth. Something was trying to shrive me, too, trying to communicate, perhaps that I had shouted enough today, for my colleagues, for my son, for my pride and spite. I turned off the lights. In the dark I lay listening to the street, and all at once I realized I envied my son down there, and so deeply, because I feared his commitment was far worthier than mine, and even more sincere.

Fearing another tilt in the mattress of self-pity, I sat in the naugahyde chair and tried to work up notes I had taken during the past two days, beginning with yesterday's post-luncheon "Christ Figures in Contemporary Literature"—Christ the naive dreamer, the poor fool suffering for he knows not what. As one wag had put it afterwards, "Lamb, it seems, is in season once again." From there a short walk down the hallway to "Meta-Criticism and Para-Literature," thence to the morpheme-addiction and strained vowel movements of "Linguistics in the Laboratory." After so much exiguous para-scholarship, I was doubly hopeful the conference might be revived by my simple, direct, classical appeal to the basic assumption of *Qui docet discit*, a teacher is a man with something to learn, including the techniques of how to teach. Within that frame of reference, I brought forth the teacher as modern fulfillment of the Prometheus-Moses archetype, casting illumination into the darkness, or, if need be, breaking tablets over the heads of backsliders. From there to an assessment of our modern American problems of literacy—all in a vein of practical idealism, the abstractions dappled by witticisms about the primal curse of Sputnik, yet the yolk of eggheadism still scrambling the image of teachers even among themselves: if you're so smart, how come you're not on educational TV?

Exorcism, the witty consolation of very frightened devils. Between notes I listen for their chant, perhaps David's own voice, but it's as if the traffic and the night and the entire city have conspired to dim their unpopular voices. How much more fortunate were we, I and all youths of my generation, blessed with an absolutely despicable enemy, a completely popular cause, a glorious crusade of good against evil, even if it took a world at war to bring it off. Well, we fought, we won, and by grace of a thankful nation we deserved a lasting peace, or some reasonable facsimile, toward which we have studied, taken copious notes, achieved our degree of secure habitude. Fine thoughts, brave hopes, as I sink into my padded naugahyde, resorting to Good Conduct Medals, when in the street my son chances wounds that would be dishonored by medals. Or a father's approval. From within me rise urgings, muted cries of my own, the memory of so many of my own sins unshriven except by time. For I was young once and I fought the popular fight—I was only human. Yes, and my paper *was* the best of them all. . . .

Oh Paul, Paul Paley, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad. No, please, not that last infirmity of a rational soul, damning reason to account for pride. Far better, along the scale of evil, to insist I'm only human.

It was nearly midnight when a siren wailed shrill in the distance, then closer, growling down right beneath my window. Police whistles blew. Mixed groans and cries rose from below, from within the hotel itself. When I came down the lobby was filling with pickets; through the doorways they snake-danced to join the others who locked their arms and sat three and four deep on both sides of the room, leaving a shifting crooked aisle between them. Their heads and bodies weaved and they chanted loudly as they filled the lobby. Wrong, I told myself, their technique was all wrong; they might win a battle and lose a war, inducing more outrage than sympathy for their cause. Or was I seeking another textbook excuse for my selfishly literate reaction? I looked to them for help.

On the lap of a blonde girl, a black child clapped her finger-spread hands. A photographer squatted close and fired a flashbulb in her face. The child blinked, then her arms rose slowly around the neck of the blonde girl and she cried into her shoulder. Reporters clambered over the pickets, knocking down ash stands, littering the floor with papers, as they probed for what might pass as interviews. It all reminded me of a night on Okinawa, when after an attack and retreat I looked over the lip of earth and saw the medics roaming the battlefield, the medics running hunched and using their feet to prod and turn over bodies that, to their trained eyes, were beyond the business of repair, and all that remained was the accurate account and separation of the enemy dead from our own. Most professional, those medics and their prodding boots, to the eye of the good soldier.

Here in this fully illuminated hotel lobby, the combat was less clear, the enemy not yet easily and totally distinguishable from the good soldiers. Perhaps that was the function of the reporters in the lobby, and the police ringing the building: to delimit, clearly and absolutely, good from evil. The demonstrators were equally bent upon rigid demarcations: You Are Either For Us or Against Us; I Am Action, You Are Words; Freedom Now or Freedom Never. Both sides were united in banishing all subtleties, destroying all complications, obliterating awareness that the human arsenal could range from a bombsight to a look in the eye, from poison gas to the vile slime that stirs within each of our unevolving hearts. Megatons, in total disuse, may absolutely destroy us all. As I observed the scene I tried not to exercise my judgment like the medics their feet, the photographers their cameras, the pickets their chants and slogans. But it was no use, for while I was pleased at first not to see David in

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the lobby, soon I became anxious he should be, although for whose sake or why I could not be sure, and there was nothing to do but wait to find out.

Around the lobby some fashionably dressed ladies chatted and laughed with their escorts, as if enjoying some pranky college kids, or to make obvious their sophistication among hick conventioneers. A man in a tuxedo held a wobbly drink and said, "Chaos, I tell you, they're creating chaos. Not right in a democracy." An elderly lady with a brace on her leg hobbled to a neatly dressed girl picket; shaking her cane over the girl, she said, "Why don't you go home and take a bath." Head up, she hobbled out of the lobby. Near me a portly, bald man said, "That's all right, these kids are okay. I was on Tarawa. No one there cared what color you were." He looked at no one as he spoke, and soon he left us for the tap-room. I was thinking of joining him when a Negro girl stood up among the pickets and waved for quiet. Dressed completely and belligerently in black, from her leather jacket to her boots, she announced that negotiations were going on between their committee and the Hotel Association. The pickets cheered but angrily she waved them down: "Nothing's been won yet, nothing. Are you still ready to go all the way for freedom—all the way to prison?" They cheered again, but this time her way. She sat on the floor, head forward on her folded arms. The others quieted down and followed her signal, those without room on the floor curling up on chairs and tables. Soon they were all imitating sleep, trying their dreams of victory.

Watching the black girl, I both admired her devotion and suspected her oversimplified appeal to it: freedom or prison, pure triumph or pure defeat. Yet how separate the glory from the power, the forge from the flame? I looked for David. If I found him, I suppose I'd lecture him, prod him with something classical, like agree with thine adversary quickly, or win wars, not ambushes. But what was the use? He and his peers, led by their black priestess, had steeled themselves for total suffering, absolute sacrifice; the enemy must be the beast with ten horns, the lobby must be Armageddon. No use at all in my saying, take it from me and my generation, it was technique that counted, no matter how worthy the cause, because justice was ever a practical strain of idealism. The tactics of tolerance, the methods of compromise, the art of judicious restraint, these were not for those sunning themselves in the polarized light of Freedom Now, or plunging from summits of You Are Either For Us or Against Us. Besides, he might well reply that Christ did not bargain for laurel leaves instead of thorns, nor did Moses soften with knee pads his anabatic climb up the craggy mountain; and did Socrates cop out for a milk shake? Yes, yes, know thy adversary, lest you know yourself, and I went upstairs to my room.

At my desk I tried to re-sift notes, work on a new course, shape an opening lecture, telling myself they also sit-in who prepare future lessons for classroom disciples. Barely a month ago, however, that faith had been shaken, when a Negro student had committed plagiarism, the same young man I had gone out of my way to help break his ghetto chains, but who now sat in my office stonily unrepentant before the evidence of his guilt, glaring at me as if I had no right to make such a white fuss, unless I was willing at last to fully unsheath my blade of bigotry. His belligerence insisted that I had let *him* down, until I could hardly contain my anger, not only at him but myself, a victim of prejudice in reverse, a repudiated dupe of good will, an exploited slave of kindness. Or was I simply being punished for having violated some professional ethic of objectivity? No more, I tried to believe, than St. Paul over the uncircumcised; and instead of sending him to the Dean I gave him an Incomplete and told him he would have the next quarter to prove his mettle. He continued to glare at me, never once pretending remorse, let alone gratitude. After he left I threw my grade book across the office. I fumed at first over his shameless insolence, then at my growing awareness I was the chief sinner: I had expected rewards for my divine gift, recompense for my charitable good will. Vain and proud and (once again) mortal, I had tried to strip myself of all vestments save the ascetic tatters of self-abnegating benevolence, when really I had sought the downy fleece of praise-deserving righteousness. And verily I now had my reward: the awareness that the chalice of learning I offered to my disciples was at heart an act of simony. No solace that the boy was wrong, or that I had saved him from expulsion; for I had sentenced him to an even deeper ghetto of humiliation, while my self-anointed truths went lecturing on, and a prairie of new disciples were eager to hear.

I tried to sleep but the quiet lobby, the hallway doors opening and closing, most of all the sirens, always muted as they approached the hotel not to disturb us paying guests, all this made me go back to my desk. And something still unheard prickled my conscience, something whispering from long hidden streets of my memory. I tried not to notice, but I couldn't work, and shortly before dawn I was staring at my empty tablet when shouts came from the lobby, and then the sirens were loud. I came down in time to see the girl in black standing on a table, exhorting her followers to keep the doorways blocked even if it meant going to prison. "They've spat in our faces," she said. "They've offered us dirt for terms. We're breaking off negotiations. And we're blocking the doorways and we're breaking the law—because we're right." Her last words were almost lost in the cheers. Pickets wedged and piled themselves against the doors, but more and more policemen forced their way into the lobby, where they paused, clubs in their hands, waiting for commands. In their black jackets and tight trousers and white helmets, they looked the epitome of guardian defenders, right down to the symmetrical decorum of handcuffs and holsters suspended from trimly welted ammunition belts. As the black girl and her followers watched them, no longer were they fighting shadows.

A police captain came toward the girl, then turned and faced the pickets around the room. "Ladies and gentlemen, please clear the doorways. You are welcome

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to demonstrate but if you block the doors you are violating safety regulations, you are breaking the law. Please disperse."

From their doorways the pickets watched the black girl. She raised a clenched fist. They cheered and sat down and locked arms and legs. Someone started "America the Beautiful" and then all were singing as the police tried to pull them apart. Shouts went up of police brutality, of fascist dogs and Gestapo bastards. A white girl kicked and clawed as hands reached for her. Others, with a cooler sense of technique, went limp as they were lifted and carried out to the wagons. Then I saw him, lying on the floor, his hands outstretched and open, his jacket bunching tight under his arms as two policemen carted him out. I clenched my hands but kept control. David was right, now the good fight was no fight.

Back upstairs I paced my room, trying to keep from the window and the tank-like wagons being loaded below. Inside them the pickets sang and beat on walls, making the wagons sway until their motors gunned and hauled them off. Poor David. Not Golgotha but a descent to the Hall of Justice; not wormwood and gall, but a paddy wagon and bail, unto the uttermost farthing, and then not even from a fellow disciple. I had better wait; bailing him out too soon might shame him beyond ever respecting me again. Oh, God, in the meantime let him remain limp and passive, unprotesting in his cell. I stared past my window glass to the sky lightening in the east, thickening the horizon with soft skeins of fog. Yes, I would wait until the fog cleared and the sun was bright, before I committed him to life's prison without visible bars. Then I was staring at the wavery glass inches from my face, my eyes burning from lack of sleep, or an impossible desire for tears.

All at once everything seemed blurred. I sat in the chair and glanced for assurance at the pad on my desk, then closed my eyes and waited, but still fighting back the remembrance of another war in other streets, fought long ago in the city and prison of my own youth, before I escaped upon rafts of books to safely towering ideals. In my memory I was back on a Bronx street, the concrete glaring in the summer sun, as a crowd gathered around the figure on the ground, the figure writhing as if to grind through the sidewalk. Beside him I kneeled to loosen his collar; then, feeling their knees in my back, and seeing their prying faces all around me, I sprang away and ran, running madly until I tripped and slammed to the ground. I opened my eyes, looked at my desk, the safe window of brightening day. Asculum, Asculum.

My son, my son, what have I not done unto you?

Father, a war is going on, your war and mine, and you must be for us or against us, now as in a time of peace. Where do you stand?

Lecturing, my son, lecturing. Fearful to remember that no war ever taught us to fight alone. Praying, David, now as ever for forgiveness, from you and from me, for my retreat from all battles that threaten peace.

And lest this memory be too much your heritage as well as mine, I must tell it to you, must put it down upon my empty tablet, and just as it was when not a memory but a real battle, one I fought and lost, and so gained medals. It's all here, like it was, and is, without the aid of footnotes. Listen well, I pray you.

II

It's cold, a nose-dripping cold snowy night in the Bronx when from out of nowhere, huge and piefaced, he fills the doorway of Doc's drugstore. Inside the doorway his glasses go foggy and he pulls off his black wool cap and wipes at his glasses, then turns and whistles, and in mopes a hound, its nose slushy.

"Hey, close the frigging door," says fat Solly.

"Jesus George Mikan," Red whispers. "Look at the size of the guy." The three of us are up front by the radiator behind the big aspirin sign. As expected, I, Paul Paley, smile.

The big guy turns to us and he could be twenty or forty. He wears his buttonless overcoat like a tent, his mouth a gash of a grin beneath a tiny butt of a nose hardly holding up those bottle-bottom glasses. With his hand out he starts toward us, but the dog moans and the big guy turns and goes to the counter, huge and hip-hitchy, like one leg is always climbing stairs.

"Rich, rich," Solly whines and wrings his hand.

"A monster," Red says, "a regular monster."

As expected, I join their anticipation of spectacle, exhibition, anything to break up this our rutty winter of rehabilitation, our reward for Victory. Now both the Rangers and the Giants are on the road, and the Garden is full of ice-skating fairies, nothing much in between sign-up each Tuesday at the 52-20 Club except waiting around Doc's corner, waiting, after the soldier years, to be given orders so we can sneer like free civilians. Meantime any exhibition will do, and I, seeing myself through the others, smile as the thick hand pumps across the counter.

"Chris, my name's Chris D'Annunzio, Mister Pharmacy," he says, his voice as frayed as his overcoat. "I just move into the block. This here's Pal, my dog. Say hello the man, Pal."

"Help you out?" Doc says.

"Thanks. I need something for Pal here. He ain't feeling good. I think it's his temper or something, you know?"

"His temper!" Solly says. Red elbows me. I try harder to smile; after all, the war never taught us to fight alone.

"Worm pills is all I've got," Doc says and chucks a yellow box on the counter.

"Worms? You sure Pal got worms the matter with him?"

Doc shrugs and picks up the box. "Vet's three blocks down."

"Hey, no," Chris says, "none of that vet stuff for me." He squats and calls Pal over. Red and Solly exchange snorts as the dog licks his hand and Chris hugs the dog and says, "Always hear dogs crying, I go past a vet's.

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No sir, no vet for my Pal," he says and hugs him. I tell you, the exhibition breaks us up. We can hardly hang around for the *News* to hit the stand, football picks and all.

But together, our rumps warmed at the radiator, we stayed, we watched, we helped the curtain go up on the full spectacle to come in those months ahead. Like at the street entrance to the upstairs bowling alleys, a dozen boys from the block in audience, Big Chris in the spotlight as a babe twitches past and Chris trots out to block her, raising and dropping his yo-yo of a cap as drooly-voiced he cues, "Hey, bay-bee! B'Jeez, right out of Macy's window—oh, hon-ee, I give twenty-four red points for slice you-hoo." His gash of a grin spreads to our applause; he hops, he jigs, he shuffles out to the next babe and "Oh, honee, oh, bee-yoo-full." He falls in behind her and wriggles his hammy rump and calls, "Hey, doll, put a oar on each cheek and you row us across the ocean!" I tell you, he breaks us up. Solly can go nine innings with either arm, and Red's latest is to drive a car with his knees, but Chris, our Big Chris—when the season opener comes along his voice booms out of center field with a "Bum, you bum, I run better'n that to the bathroom," so loud and timed right that of all the bleacher characters, Chris, our Big Chris—and if we pile into someone's load and head for kicks down the Village, we're diddle-stitched as Chris hops out and flags down the flit and "Tell me, queenie, are you for real?" or "Is it true, little girl, you only take enemas cross-eyed?" Up, I tell you, he breaks us.

And knows it, and needs it, the way he always shags back after each performance, his eyes searching for our smiles and already thinking ahead, sensing he'll be patted only so long as he can trick it up. And it's always then, when he has to trot back and beg, that I stop smiling, can't even force it, and wish to God that neither of us had to perform, jog, dance to their tune or be cut out. But we do, both of us. Like the time after midnight, only the dim yellow light in my apartment house lobby, and I just get my key out of the door when he comes out of a dark corner. "Even if no one else, Paul, you, I thought you . . . ."

"Forget it, Chris, the dance was lousy."

"Because I work all day the A & P, and just like the boys promised, Paul, if I got the money I go along."

"I forgot, all right? Can't I forget to call you? Next time I'll send a fur-lined invitation." I head for the stairs.

"Paul. Hey, Paul—you the only one talks to me, Paul. Really talks."

"Come on, Chris, big handball day tomorrow." He catches my arm.

"Paul, Paul, don't the boys ask me to hang around? The Village and bleachers and songs and—why, Paul, why not the dances, too?"

"We just forgot, Chris. Honest, that's all." But he won't let go. "Listen, next week The Hamp comes into the Paramount, so all of us, up in the balcony, okay? Okay, Chris boy?"

After a while he nods, drops my arm, lumbers across the lobby. The door clanks shut. I press the elevator button and the cables hum, just like Chris and his purring voice when in a store or movie or even in the subway all at once he just closes his eyes and breaks out a song in that soft trilly voice, so different from his blurred talk, so good I want to run when the boys wink or smirk it off as just some more of the clown. And the way he has to go along with it, and I smile, both afraid to stop, get out of character. The elevator stops at my floor and I go down the hall through the echo of a slamming door. Damn it, who doesn't need some friends, who? The boys, the cruddy gang and this whole cruddy city of tag along, buddy, or you are It—all right, all right, but don't forget we grew up together on the block. With them I crouched in the bushes and flung rocks at the Skulls. With them I swiped papers and pennies off the stands. With them I ran across icy roofs and down fire escapes and through alleys with the cops and their clubs right behind us. We ran, we made it together. And the summer nights, when the roofs were warm and gummy, each couple behind their own stairwell or incinerator stack, and the loud laughy catcalls, the shouts for a butt or a bag or whatever else we needed to make it into manhood. It had taken a war to break us up, and now no less than a peace to get us back together, rehabilitating each other on the corner as we sweated out each weekly rehab check, each ten o'clock and all together down at the Club, all joking loud for the teacher-looking lady behind the counter who made me say, and swear, and sign that in good faith I had looked for a job, before she shoved me my check and called Next in a way that made me want to tear up the money and fling the pieces in her face. But the boys were waiting, counting on me for Black Jack tonight, and the war was over, I wanted to keep the peace.

Then it's late afternoon and we're going downhill, just past the arched door of the church, when the barrage opens up. Chris and I run from range, Chris shouting for Pal to move out, but a freckled runt charges after us pulling his sled loaded with ammo iceballs. Pal yipes and limps behind us, ice clinging to his hide. Chris wheels and takes a couple in the chest before he gets to the ammo sled and jumps on it. The wood cracks but he keeps jumping until the runners break off.

"You slob," the kid yells, "you big dirty slob. I'll get my father."

"What for you hit my dog? What for?"

"Up your mangy dog. Up you too, you freak, you rotten slobby freak of a—no, don't."

I shout at Chris and run to get his hands away from the kid's throat. I pull and hack at his arms until, not from me but like his fingers suddenly break, Chris backs off, staring at his hands. Already the kid is running for every father on the block, but I have to drag Chris along, the way he just shakes his head, whimpering.

"The hell with the kid, Chris. He had it coming. Let's go."

He stops and wrings his hand and blubbers something about being no good, just a freak. I pull him along, sore at myself and then him because I can't find what to say.

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Around the corner the wind is like sand in my face. I pull him into a doorway. It's the tailor's and in the back a head floats in the steam, but it's the dark glass, the window itself I stare at. Chris whimpers and I try to say it, to point to his reflection and mine. He whimpers and again I try, start to point. But it's too corny. If the boys ever heard, I'd never live it down. So I say, "Let's move out, maybe that kid was really hurt," and I pull him by the arm, through back alleys to the basement door of his apartment house. I say so long and he goes in. Damn it, why doesn't he move, or pick on someone else, leave me alone.

But he won't keep off, he won't let go of me, and then comes the day his cold sweaty arm is limp around my neck as I drag him along the hallway to his apartment. His eyes are still closed, his face grimy with spittle. The door opens. "Just a while ago," I say. "Up at the playground, Mrs. D'Annunzio, first time he ever tried basketball. All that running around, I guess. I mean, we didn't know he was that way." The short gray woman has to reach up to touch his face, her other hand twisting the gold cross that hangs from her pipe of a neck. "No cut," she says, "his eyes no cut."

"I got his glasses off soon as it started. Doc said take them off and keep the stick in his mouth, keep his tongue down."

Again she touches his face, then his arm. "Chris, you forget the medicine? How you forget the medicine?"

"He's getting heavy," I say and bring him in, across the rugless floor to the sofa. She moves his head away from where stuffing pokes through the cracked leather. Chris breathes deep, his scraped arm across his eyes while she tries to wipe his face. Her own lips move but say nothing. I fuss with his collar, his belt, waiting to be thanked and let go, but she looks over her shoulder and says, "No. No look, Angie." At the inner door is a black-haired girl in a breasty sweater, the sweater all wrong now, shaming her in the same room with her sick brother. She bites the back of her hand, then hides her hands and looks straight and hard at me before she ducks back behind the door.

"Angie, my poor Angie," her mother says. "Everywhere we go it happen." Chris groans, holds up a hand. She takes it and holds it against her skinny chest. "Other girls and boys, they see, they talk, they hurt. Who can blame my poor Angie? Who can blame?" she says and kneels, holding his hand to her forehead like she's praying, rocking and weeping until I just can't take any more.

Out in the hall I close the door quietly, and downstairs I sneak out the alley in case the boys are still waiting for details of the latest display. From the alley I look up at their windows, all streaked and without screens. If only I could help, do something for them. Such a sweet pretty kid. Such a sweet, poor kid. Angie, sweet Angie, no one else cares the way I do, for your brother, and for you, sweet Angie.

We're in church, everyone here from Kelly to Cohen, this dance as open house as Wednesday night bingo. Even with its bright crepe streamers from basketball hoops, the gym still smells of socks and sneakers, but the combo is live and loud and I hold Angie close, closer than last week, that night in the car I told her I might just break out my G. I. Bill and waltz over to Fordham, and we kissed as if both of us believed she was the reason for my going. As we dance I cup her smooth shoulder and kiss her neck, but suddenly she stiffens. I almost trip. Then I hear it, and I look around, and there, up on the bandstand and from out of nowhere, Chris, Big Chris, his wool cap in his hands, singing into the mike. Soft and trilly he's singing "That's My Desire." With his white shirt cuffs inches above his wrists and with his tie knotted like a rope, he closes his eyes and sings, "To spend one night with you, at our old rendezvous," and everyone keeps dancing, smiling but not mean, because he's too good.

"Take me home, Paul."

"But he's a hit, Angie, he's the greatest."

"Please take me home."

"Angie, have a heart, he's your own brother," I tell her, because tonight we've got real stock in this Chris. He's a hit, and we're the ones, the only ones who really stuck by him.

"I'm afraid, Paul. I'm so afraid."

"Come on, Angie, if he's not afraid up there it can't hurt just to listen. Hey, he's even doing this one for you." Because Chris no sooner ends the song than he snaps his fingers and makes like Louis Prima with "Angelina! Angelina! Oh, we'll be in Paradise if you'll only be so nice, Angelina," and the band picks it up and soon everyone is clapping and dancing, except us. She won't even let me turn her toward the bandstand, but just clutches the back of my jacket, her fingers gripping harder as Chris winds it up and applause rocks the gym. Tugging his cap and with that gash of a grin, Chris nods fast, choppy, then quickly begins another song, and then another, as if even tonight, even when it honestly seems he's a hit, he can't stop for fear the crowd will forget and shout for his Village routine. So that finally, to clinch his chance to be no beggar again, he closes his eyes, and soft, trilly, he begins to sing "Ave Maria."

I flinch, waiting for the first sneer. Behind Chris the combo looks at each other and then stands as if at attention. But it's okay, everyone seems to feel the same way. It's so quiet Chris begins to glance anxiously around the gym, and at the end of the song his lips tremble, and he lowers his head like a sinner. Like a shot, the gym cracks with applause. Chris looks up, and his eyes get misty as he smiles, nods quick to all sides as they shout and whistle and pound their hands, and he stands there no sinner, no cornball, no beggar ever again.

"He did it, Angie, he did it." With my arms around her I clap for Chris, my Big Chris who is the greatest. My eyes sting for the way he's making up for every hop and jig and beg of the world. And everyone seems to know it as they rock the gym. Chris, my Big Chris. He's up there smiling, waving, then grabs the mike as if to wave that too. Instead we hear, "Angie . . . Paul. Help me, it's coming." He falls, the mike on top of him.

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Through the gym come the spittle-thick groans as he writhes on the stage. "Angie," I say, "Angie, we've got to help him," before I realize she's gone. The groans come louder, and I curse her for being right, for leaving me alone with it. So I'd show her, I'd finish the exhibition right.

Up on the bandstand I take off his glasses and pad my jacket under his head. "A stick, something long," I say. Someone tosses up a knife. "For his mouth," I say, "for his God-damned mouth." The sax player stares at me. I grab and pull off the mouthpiece and press it down against Chris's tongue. He twists and shakes on the floor like a doped-up jazzman getting in his hot licks. Below us the whole crowd presses around, staring at the monstrous freak tearing himself apart. I wish to God she was here, here to see it all. Angie, my sweet Angie. All the way home, dragging his dead feet until I get him inside and let him lie on the floor—my God, how she hurt me.

"Ma, I couldn't help it, Ma. I didn't want to do nothing wrong, Ma," Chris says and tries to roll over. His shirtsleeve is almost ripped off at the shoulder. Suddenly he tears it all the way off. Then, looking at his mother, he rolls his head against the sofa to get away from her hands and the way her fingers twist her gold cross. I'm waiting, just waiting for the inner door to open.

"Not your fault. Even in God's church not your fault. Nobody wrong," she says and tries to hold his face in her hands.

"Ma, don't. Stop it, Ma." He starts to push her back, then he stares at her throat, reaches for the gold cross and yanks it off, throws it across the room. He must still be weak but his eyes are crazy. With a whimper he grabs a lamp and smashes it against the wall, knocking crooked the picture of Jesus weeping. His mother screams and I shout, curse for him to stop. Already people are pounding at the door.

"I didn't do nothing, I didn't do nothing." Half-shouting, half-crying, he smashes a chair, then picks up a broken leg and starts for the front door. His mother clutches her bare throat and goes crying after him. Out in the hallway someone screams. Behind me the door opens and she comes out, her eyes red and her hair mussed.

"Go away," Angie says. "Get out of here."

"Sure. Thanks."

"Always budding in—haven't you seen enough yet?"

"You're a swell kid, Angie. A real sister, you are. Because while he's sick and coming apart, you're only worried how bad it makes you look. Like maybe he did it on purpose, just to hurt you."

"Get away from me. It's you I'm ashamed of. I'm ashamed I ever saw you. Get away from me."

"Sure, Angie. Sister Angie."

Out in the hallway, in the middle of the crowd, two cops are writing on their pads. Between them Chris lies face down, his arms straight before him, his hands manacled. As I come downstairs the attendants rush through the lobby with a stretcher. "Apartment 4-A," I shout. "Just ask for Angie. She's plenty good on a stretcher." My God, how she hurt me. No one ever hurt me like that. No wonder her brother got that way. I was lucky, she'd never get another chance at me. . . .

JAMES GARDNER

THERAPY

Far down stairs
I met some bears.
In slow surprise
we traded eyes
as marbles are among small boys,
steels for agates, taws for toys,
and picked them up and set them in
and went back down or up again.

Now from the one I sometimes see
human beings frightening me
and peering out from someone's other
vague glimpses of a bear as brother.
News from a certain zoo I know
is that a grizzly screams at snow.
Claw marks nag my priest, my printer;
and I sleep late, oh late in winter.

The bus from the Bronx takes an hour to get there. On my ride out I think of the past week and everyone on the corner surrounding me, pumping me for details: did Chris really shove his old lady down the stairs? Did it take four or five cops to club him down and cart him off to the nuthouse? Instead of telling them to take a flying leap, I'm on my way, Chris, to let you do it for me. For three days now I've got my gear packed; I just need a last push from you.

Maybe they build these places in the country to get away from the nuthouse of the city. But past the park-like lawns and inside the cottage fronts, the green corridors all have this gamy smell. The white-shirted attendant leads me past an old man picking at his eyebrows. On a bench a woman hugs her legs and chews the top button of her dress. The attendant unlocks and locks the door and sits down in the only chair. Chris, in a night-shirt, lies on an iron bed. His adhesive-taped glasses make his eyes look bandaged.

"Sorry I couldn't make it sooner, Chris," I say to get rid of the need to, just as I came here to get rid of goodbyes. "I've been busy, getting ready to shove off."

"Where you going, Paul?"

The window-bars are scabby where black paint tries to

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hide the rust. "Away from the rutty city. Maybe college, a free ride on my G. I. Bill. Away."

"Gee, college. And you got the brains, too, Paul. Only, I be sorry to see you go."

I pick at the edge of his bureau. He crosses his arms under his head and says, "Ain't too bad here, Paul. Lots of nice trees, real quiet. Once a while they bring a radio, I keep up with the songs." The attendant gets up and stretches. "Paul, tell me, Paul—the boys, they think I done wrong?"

"Forget the boys, Chris. Besides, you couldn't help it, just one of those things. Look, I'm sorry I had to talk to the cops about you."

"You done right, Paul, you done right." He turns face down, his hands under the pillow. "I don't know why I done it. I don't, Paul, I just don't." The attendant nods me toward the door.

"Take it easy, Chris. It'll be all right."

"Hey, Paul, just one thing for me? Just tell old Pal I ask for him. Maybe see he took the rest of them pills. Maybe Doc get in some more." His toes dig into the mattress, his heels yellow and knobby behind the iron bars. I don't want to see his face.

"Sure, Chris. So long."

In the hallway I wait for the door to close, lock. The attendant leads me by the arm. He unlocks, locks doors.

"Sure, lots of folks just break up when they visit here," he says. "Get all upset, you know? But that ain't no way to look at it. Like Doc Williams says to me just this morning, hell, everybody's nuts someways." Out in the reception lounge Chris's mother sits alone on a black bench, fingering her cross, staring at the wall. "Just like all of us all the time got cold germs, see, only some of us got lower resistance, you know?" He closes, locks the last door behind me. I walk across the green lawns to the bus stop, and I sit and I wait on the shaded bench. The bus comes, I get on, ride away. As the last of the fields butt up against apartments and stores, my eyes keep coming back close to the window, the tiny mesh wires thinner than veins, crossing and crossing between their thick panes. Soon I don't even see the crowded streets, all blurred, and I stare at the wired glass inches from my face, until my eyes burn and I shut them, let the motion of the bus numb, carry me away.

So far have I travelled from those streets and that city and war, transported anew by ever more graceful modes of communication, all the way to the peace that passeth through understanding; all the way to a prairie peace fortified by memory's distance, lest the din in the streets jar the peaceable tick of the toxicant stillness. The fog has lifted; bright is the day, golden if strait the gate.

Chris, Big Chris, forgive me less than you do, and my son shall, and I must.

III

I feared the clerk would reject an out-of-state check, but all the authorities were most accommodating, and for $56 I obtained David's freedom. With so many CORE officials and friends on hand, no doubt David would have been released without my help. Perhaps that was why he accepted it so cheerfully: he was actually affording me some participation in his victory. Out in the street he smiled without objection as I purchased several souvenir copies of newspapers announcing the capitulation of the Hotel Owners Association. On our way toward Market Street I remembered that you should always walk on the left side of senior officers.

We stopped for coffee at a small lunch counter. Leaving David to revel in the chronicle of his crusade, I worked my way through back-room buckets to the men's room. There, scrawled in soap on a cracked mirror, another communique had been dispatched: "Tomorrow is Sunday—Bring a nigger home for dinner." I washed up, letting myself luxuriate in anger and outrage, and then in fear David might come in and find his redemptive vision of divine rights shattered in the adamantine mirror of men's room democracy. But if I wiped the mirror clean, would my act be prompted by sincere moral outrage or by but another self-enhancing quest to protect the innocent dreamer? Preferably, of course, the unacknowledged but heroically suffering defender. Then the door opened and David came in. After reading the mirror and carefully washing his hands, he smiled at the wad of wet towel in my own.

"Dad, the only man who can wipe it off is the man who wrote it there."

He was right, of course, so loftily and even practically right. Yet if he had preceded me into the room the mirror would have been wiped clean, just as it would have been had I come in and spoken his words to him. After all, I was not the one who proclaimed so absolutely You Are Either For Us or Against Us. But now, justified by his deeds, he could become the tolerant judge, ministering to my blind and militant faith, reducing me, in his substantive decorum, to a rash novitiate of trying to redeem the world with an eraser.

Oh, he was right, he had won, he must have his reward. Overcoming the power of authority in the street, let him revolt against the remnants of parental dominion. These days the arguments over law and order and rights and prejudice had less to do with a racial battle than with the conflict between father and son, a combat over pride and dignity, and whether there remained a difference between them we could afford or understand or respect. If to me he was ungrateful for renouncing my parental prerogatives, to him I was unfair for coercing his guilt in remembering that I had such privileges. And so here in the cracked mirror of a sordid men's room, our lives had come to this: You are either for me or against me. All so black and white, all so father and son. I threw away the towel, leaving the mirror for some janitor to clean up—what an irony if the message-erasing janitor had also written it. I did not mention the possibility to David, lest he take it as some further lese majesty, as I followed him out to the street.

For the rest of our walk he was jaunty, still the boxer dancing in his corner while his opponent is being counted

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out. I suggested we lunch on the scene of his triumph, and it worked out better than I hoped: as we ate in the hotel restaurant he was magnanimous toward all opponents, from the professional police to the eventually temperate hotel management to the bail-producing parent. He laughed in recalling the overtime parking ticket on his old Ford: "At least it wasn't in a towaway zone." Tunneling to keep open this fair channel of communication, I complimented him and his fellow demonstrators for their self-control, their efficacious use of the techniques of social pressure.

"Dad, you'd be surprised how disorganized we are, really. Maybe it's more the subject matter than technique that counts." He glowed in his amateurism, his way to better than professional wisdom.

"Perhaps," I said, "though the distinction seems a fuzzy one."

"But it's one you yourself used to make. You know, always quoting Horace Mann about being ashamed to die until you've won some victory for mankind."

"For humanity."

"Okay, for humanity. But don't, you said, don't merely be ashamed to die. You were right. It's that simple and corny and true."

That was not exactly what I had meant, or now wanted to recall; nor did I wish to bog us down over his amateur notion of death. Yet he had paid me a compliment, and to exploit it fully I tried to revel in awareness that this young man in smudged white shoes and wrinkled jacket and with a beard that but grazed his cheeks, this was my son who fleshed out his life of the spirit with values he owned were mine. But fathers who fear for themselves do not easily accept their sons as wise, let alone heroic—yes, yes, *mea culpa,* the easiest breast stroke of all. We finished our chicken salad in silence, I trying to believe, to afford me some justification beyond sheer sentimentalism for the sadness I felt in the presence of my young son, that I envied not his wisdom but his innocence, which equally doomed us both.

After lunch, upon David's suggestion, we visited Golden Gate Park. The fog had long lifted and it was a fine bright day, the wind calm, the lawn-sprays sprigging sparklets through the shrubs and the soft green grass. Silence shaped our respite from the city's hectic fit, as we walked beneath the oaks to the Portals of the Past, the remnants of a portico salvaged from the great earthquake and fire, the closed door and bracing columns rising amidst brush and shrubs like some self-mocking tribute to man-made exits and entrances, a strangely self-deliberative eidolon, questioning whether it, like all of us, was more monument or scrap. Nearby the children chunked bread to the ducks. Those swimming far from shore were haughty and aloof to the commotion, but the hungry ones sacrificed finesse and scrabbled to beat the swooping seagulls to the bread. The children jeered and gathered stones to drive off the drab gulls, but they kept coming, swooping through the stones, smashing the water as if to compound their nuisance value, ungainly and uncivil in their naked greed. Only the large white swan seemed able to keep the gulls in place, restoring to the ducks a more poised and unflurried demeanor, unless the swan itself used speed and size to shoo the ducks from his food.

I both pitied and resented—one because of the other? —the ugly scavenging gulls. Pretty ducks are no hungrier than crude gulls, but the ducks appear more calm, more poised, so we chase away the gulls, we stone the birds wretched and even wicked in their absence of formal grace. What lessons we children learn from and lend to nature. When I was a boy I used to laugh when Joe Penner clucked, "You wanna buy a duck?" But as you grow older and wiser, until nature herself seems incapable of laughter or tragedy, nature become a deceptive duck, you grow dull, you grow dull, you'd just as soon buy a gull. So the children were duped in one direction, I in another, while the ducks and the gulls went on. I wondered what David thought of the scene, but he was quiet and I felt it would be foolish to ask him. He might laugh and remark that philosophy was fine but, really, life was more a matter of fish or cut bait. And I, in my desperation merely to be with him, might have to agree.

From the pond we hiked to the Aquarium. Behind glass walls the dolphins cavorted in their special tank. You wanna buy a dolphin? David prefers porpoises, man's best friend among the sharks. God, was there nothing left for us to speak *to?* We went to the Japanese Tea Garden. Out on the patio the slant sun was warm on my face but increased the chill in my legs. I cupped both hands around the tea pot. We drank the warm tea, we smiled at the Rorschach tea leaves, we read each other's fortune cookie. When I was a child I believed the cookies were baked in a magic oven, the note growing as the dough cooked. Imagine my trauma the day I learned the notes were stuffed in afterwards, by men who probably could not read, at least English. David saw me smiling. I reciprocated. Fine tea, fine cookies. Fine park. Fortunate indeed to live in such a cosmopolitan city. The Yellow Peril was over, thanks to my generation. Now all the black man needed to be loved was a Hiroshima of his own.

The chill had spread to my chest and I was glad for the walk to the children's playground. At the carousel, as the music played and the horses pranced, two colored boys watched with large and longing eyes. I reached into my pocket, then stopped; it would be false, another phony semblance of the charitable act, a measure of my condescension rather than a spontaneous fulfillment of true kindness. How I wished I could have given the money without pause, but the spring had long ago uncoiled, gone flabby, the jack-in-the-box lidded down with a mind-forged manacle. When the ride ended and the colored boys ran to the booth to buy tickets, my reticence seemed justified after all. The wind came up and I shivered. All at once I took David's arm: "Come on, boy, I'll show you how the West was won. Are you go?"

"All systems go."

We laughed and ran for our mounts, David's just ahead of mine. The bell rang, the calliope piped, we began

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to canter. At first as we tricked it up we were probably spurred by our self-consciousness amidst all the children, but then we forgot them and sported with the insensate exhibitionism without which, as I often tell my classes, neither art nor innocence can thrive. Around and around we pranced, whipping our steeds, sniping at the Injuns and each other, whooping as we reached for invisible brass rings. Then, as I shifted for some side-saddle antics, I became dizzy, the earth slanting, spinning, rushing up to meet me. With cold moist hands I sat up, clinging to the pole.

"Longest ride this side of the Rockies," David called over his shoulder. I yipped for him as the sweat ran cold down my arms. Closing my eyes made it worse; instead I tried for the park, the green, some secure figures out there, but trees and skies and faces tilted in a sickening blur. The laughter of children made me detest their enjoyment, then I almost wept at the futility of my rage. Here, spinning on a carousel, all at once I seemed back at the lectern, reading my paper, when the blurred racket began to rage in the street. Now, as then, all I could do was hold on. My heart beat faster, pounding as I took long, deep breaths of air, timing the pulse-beat in my temple, waiting, just waiting for the sharp jolt, the sudden streak of pain. The piping stopped, the record scratched along. I prayed that no other begin. The bell rang, the carousel glided slowly to a stop, it was over. I must have been very pale, the way David took my arm, helped me to the ground.

"That is no round-up for old men," I quipped. "Caught in that circus music, all neglect monuments of aging circulation. No, really, it's okay, just something I ate."

As we passed a rose bush in white and red bloom. I trembled at the idea of sweet scent. With his arm around me he guided me to a bench. I protested, yet secretly I reveled like a gull welcomed to the duck pond. Resting, my arm along the bench behind David, I watched children zipping down the slides, or crawling over the gaily painted locomotive, that bulky monument to the past. In their play the children kept the past alive, and us with it.

"David, I want to get simple and corny and true again. I'm very proud of you. I wish I'd had the courage to march all night with you."

After a moment, a pause as tentative as the descent of a wounded seagull beside the swan, he said, "Maybe you have, Dad. After all, you've been around me a long time, you know?"

"Thank you, David. It's good to hope so."

"Honest, I was a fool for not telling you. A foolish kid."

"Come on, off with the greasy kid stuff. I'm the one on the tall stool these days, trying to learn that the coming of age on scholia isn't the greatest research of all." He smiled, waiting, wondering what I was trying to say or prove, or cover up. I should have stopped all thought and simply slipped my arm across his shoulders, but he might think it too, well, just another attempt to trick it up. I did not want to embarrass or shame him, forcing him to surrender to sentimental attachment what he had earned by mature independence. When a son becomes a man, he deserves from his father a man's respect; he wants to be addressed from the mind and not by the pat on the back that, really, was no more than a glorified and self-defensive spanking, attempted by a father who feared he could no longer match his son's own respect for himself. The difficulties of men had brought us to this bench in a park; only the responses of men could lead us away from the children's playground.

The calliope piped, the carousel went on, a slow, centripetal pinwheel spinning the longest ride in the West. Wind came through the trees with whispers of some distant cascade. The voices of children rose shriller, defying the end of the day. Here on this darkening playground with its westward tilt of time, I seemed so far, too far from the flat fields of my prairie. I took comfort in a snail crawling beside our bench, the snail slower than dust, until children tromped past and the snail slipped into its shell. *Touche? Bien touche:* all sorts of shells may originate in the convolutions of self-defense.

"David, I'd better get back to the hotel. All that packing and checking out."

"I thought you were staying through tomorrow."

"No, tonight on the late flight. Sorry if I confused you."

We got up and away from the bench. As we passed the rose bush I had a great urge to pick one—but to what purpose, when I, like Swinburne, shall never be friends again with roses, or, for that matter, the ducks or the gulls.

As we walked to his car David was quiet, as if penitently deprived of a chance to atone more fully for our mutual suffering the past few days. He offered to drive me to the airport, but the limousine service began right at my door. "Besides," I said as we drove from the park, "tonight you should celebrate with your friends. Not all your battles will be victories, David." Ever the sharpshooter, I seldom failed to get some black within the white of my target. Fortunately, at the hotel David had to double-park, there was hardly time for sidewalk goodbyes.

"Take care of yourself, Dad, please. And give my love to Mom and Jill."

We shook hands. Then, despite the crowd and the impatient traffic, he hugged me and kissed my cheek. Back in his car he smiled and waved. The walk was so packed I had to step into the gutter to wave back, to call —no, it was too late to call him back, for his sake.

The hotel clerk went out of his way to re-arrange my flight reservation for tonight at 11:30, or perhaps it was simply good business, one more room available for midnight traffic. Self-suspicion is a two-way vanity mirror, reflecting in every direction whatever image before it. Well, *fait accompli,* like so much of this weekend by the Golden Gate.

For this last evening I decided on early dinner at

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Alexis, following the enthusiasm of a colleague over the *Chateaubriand et Chambertin*. The meal was splendid, and for the culmination of this journey I went up to the Top o' the Mark, settling with my drink, and further professional advice, in the northeast corner, where I commanded my glassed-in view of the sparkling city, and the bridge slipped on its loops of bright pearls just for me. But as the night thickened, the view was marred by reflected images, at first ever so slightly, but gradually the glass seemed more mirror than window, I less the observer than observed, by whom I could not know, only hope. I pondered the thought that I, like Matthew Arnold, might yet end as a religious, or begin as one, whichever came easier. I abandoned speculation for the surer feel of the street, the taxi back to my hotel room, where I could busy myself with packing. However, with my topcoat laid out neatly over my closed valise, I could not help fearing this entire trip, and from its earliest inception, had been resolved and dictated by this flight home; just as a snail cannot avoid its shell, an epileptic his seizure, a professor his lecture. A while ago my son had kissed me and I should have merely and totally triumphed in that embrace. Now, sitting stiffly not to wrinkle my suit, I worried lest I had coerced his pity, victimized his love. Well, as Roxana, that fortunate madam, had put it, though I was a whore, at least I was a Protestant whore. And in this case well-schooled.

Before I left my room I did a strange thing. I opened all the windows to the street, then took out my paper and went to the mirror and read it aloud. Between phrases I kept listening, anticipating, then yearning for the riotous sounds, until I lost all thread of thought, and I concentrated on words or observed my pauses for smiles and emphasis. I finished and stood before the silent mirror, and all at once I knew how fortunate I was to have such a weak and supercilious speech fall upon deaf ears. Saved by a riot, I could fly home in triumph after all.

With an hour to go I paid my bill and sat in the lobby, my back to the street as I read. A clothing ad advised me How To Make The Scene With Confidence. I lowered the paper and watched the blind counterman dealing tobacco and change. He whistled after a customer and called him back for his change. The customer looked around the lobby in embarrassment. I pretended not to watch as he hurried for the door. *Touche, bien touche.* Still an hour to go, so I checked my valise and went out. The doorman nice-nighted me and I smiled not to snub him, then I joined the crowd along Market Street, past the banners and blare of fire-sale auctions, the tiled mausoleums of hot dogs, the leer of movie posters and the bleached women in cages who dealt in orgiastic dreams. The crowd became a horde in the drumming street, marching me along the dirty pavement. I turned into a sidestreet. Soon the crowd thinned, I was almost alone, I could shape and fix the streetlamps into white moons reflected in the dark prism of the sky, the street become a nebular hypothesis, I but another atomic rover, frighteningly at home in space. In a doorway I paused to light my pipe. The flame echoed around the iron-grated window of the pawnshop. Poor David, young and alive and so earthbound, still unaware the city of man is a den, a cell, a prison without the consolation of bars. But to tell him would be simple and corny, if true.

A car turning the corner caught me in its lights. Down the block was a bar and I went toward a martini to put a better edge on the long drive ahead. As I entered the bar I realized all the patrons were black. The bartender saved me, welcoming me with a gold-toothed smile. I changed my order to a beer and studiously smiled at the neon boy on the wall as he urinated dashes into the pond. The bartender chatted with me and I tried to drink slowly, oblivious of their averted eyes, or his as he looked at me, but everybody here knew my name, who I was. I left the bartender a tip but hoped he would not thank me loudly.

Back at the hotel the sleek limousine was waiting—I have come a long way from buses—ready to start me home via the fanjets of my travel allowance. The drive down the peninsula was pleasant, and soon I was aboard my plane, then the lift and surge of my flight. Out of my window I looked down upon the lights of the world, the city set on hills, the bridge a shining trellis so lulling to the eyes. Soon I would be home, a not so old man in a not too windy corner of the prairie. I had called Sheila and she insisted on driving two hours to meet me at the airport; she would be leaving now, with late supper warming, enthusiasm high, redemption available yet. Asculum, Asculum. What histories remain to be written? For in truth, David, the city, like time, is not a place but a state of mind, especially when, in our most uncivil defense, we doom ourselves to seek nothing but shelter.

Fine, if scattered, thoughts for a lecture. I closed my eyes, sought again the comfort of being homeward bound. So may the radar guide us safely. May the cabin pressure keep to its appointed level. May the night be clear, the hostess chic, our tail wind goodly, as within our safety harness we fly.

My son, my son, what have I done to you?

Father, we are marching in the streets. Where do you stand so high in the sky?

Lecturing, my son, as usual. Waiting for cocktails for first-class passengers, so I can snub them in my tourist guise.

Across the aisle there is a colored lady, young and well-dressed, and a bit frantic with her three small children. The smallest, a boy of about three, cries because his two sisters have the window. I move to the empty seat beside me and, with a smile to the mother, hold out my arms to the boy. He comes to me but still crying, not yet sure I'm in league with him against the oppressor. I lift him to the seat. For a while he looks out the dark window, then turns to me, smiling. I wink to the mother and with my arm around him we both gaze out the window. What he sees in the darkness I cannot know, but it must be something wonderful, he sits so quietly. How I envy him, as I try to peer through the vague reflections of the plane.

Query: Would you want your daughter to marry a Negro?

Response: Yes.

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Query: Why?
Response: Because I'm a bigot.

How graceful of me, this gesture in the sky, when below on earth I cannot place my arm around my own son. How graceful indeed, when the flight shall soon end, and time and distance shall afford the peremptory climax to my spatial benevolence. Meantime, I have the luxury of imagining myself despised or admired by my fellow passengers, as they look away or smile at us. But as I peer at vague reflections in the dark window, I know I delude myself, for what I am doing even the Governor of Alabama might do, and more sincerely. Nor does the boy really need or want my kindness; all he needs is a window to watch the night go by, until in the glare of common day he grows up to discover that he, not his skin or race but he himself, is not needed or wanted. And begins his own flight into darkness.

No, David, I am not marching with you but still lecturing, for lectures, you see, are the opiate of the teacher, his chalk-talk desperately drawing the sheer hypotenuse along which he may make of himself a most comfortable Sisyphus, suffering nicely as he forces his head up into the mist of self-knowledge, knowing he may always descend with a flourish of footnotes to the shield of the lectern.

The plane drones as we slip through the darkness. His eyes flutter and close as he rests his brown head against me. Lightly I hold him, to protect me more than him. Sleep, child, sleep. Once my David was young and trusting like you, but now he has grown up, now he dares to shine searchlights into the darkness I have shunned. And my son is strong, and I am reduced to exploiting his strength, his charity, though I cannot afford it, so ensconced am I in my bastion of awareness, so deeply bunkered in my tunnel of enlightenment. So, so. What an indulgent revel in sentiment this flight has become. So let the living disinter the living; we others must make light with the darkness.

In minutes Sheila will welcome me, take me back to my prairie home, to my notes and my books and my worlds built up from grains of sand. Precious worlds; precious sand. Precious peace. And I, to teach as one with authority, must make ready for the new term, the new courses, the new disciples gathered around me. May they pluck considerate notes from the air, and gain graceful grades in their fields; for they are the light of the world . . . and somewhere, surely, I shall get my reward.

Tomorrow to fresh books, and lectures new.

HOWARD WEINBERG

POEM

ces grelottantes ētoiles
de fausses femmes dans vos lits
—Apollinaire

come closer we are turning
to dust
the house freezes
outside my door
nothing dark remains

the rain beats on moss
outside my door
come closer
come inside my fingers, here

all flesh is clustered light
like moonstones lanterns
leopard's eyes or else
not flesh, lost

outside my door
the stars tremble
the dust waits

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Thomas Thompson

A FEINBERGIAN MADNESS

The idea of a value-free science is hardly older than the 17th Century. Before that, almost everyone who bothered to think about the matter believed that the changes in this world carried with them built-in goals that gave a purpose to the life of men. If, for example, this universe is a deliberate creation of a god, then the assumption of built-in purpose is derived from the notion of providential design which has structured events toward their millenial end. The Augustinian version of Christianity, more specifically, analyzes the universe as a kind of play whose climax is the assignment of the actors to the Earthly or the Heavenly City. At any moment we are ignorant of the end toward which we are actually tending, but we do know that there is a purpose for everything that happens and we know the goal our history must fulfill. While the contribution of man's free will to this process was hotly debated, there was never much real doubt (except for the Pelagians) that the drama was completely written out and that we poor players had little to do with the shaping of our ultimate destiny.

Augustinian providentialism has come to seem irrelevant to modern life. But there are scores of non-religious versions, such as Marxism, that attempt to provide the same kind of historical purpose which fulfills a quasi-religious function. Marx's eschatology consigns the bourgeoisie to the darkness of the Earthly City and consoles the proletariat with the promise of utopia—a Heavenly City for the majority. But such attempts have never been particularly satisfying to the tough-minded men to whom natural science is the touchstone of reality. And the short-run tendency of the technology spawned by 17th century science was to turn men's minds toward gadgetry and away from the far futures either of Augustine or Marx. These people were willing, for the most part, to bury themselves in the actual practice of science or, if they were technologists or engineers, they were content to attack relatively short-range problems and solutions. Eschatology—the study of long-range goals for the human race—was left to religionists and political ideologues because the whole subject seemed scientifically and technically empty. For if science is value-free, in the sense that Augustinianism or Marxism is value-saturated, if the world of facts is simply leading men down a trail of natural selection, through a probabilistic whirl of fortuitous happenstances, then there is just no sense in setting out to *discover* a long-range good for man. The facts are there to be recorded and the laws are "there" to permit prediction, but the purposes or goals are simply off-shoots of human nervous systems projected upon a neutral nature. An eschatology is neither discovered nor revealed, it has to be invented.

Gerald Feinberg, professor of physics at Columbia, reveals in his new book that he has no tolerance for any of the variants of Augustinianism, but he differs from some of his fellow-scientists in that he is not content to allow eschatology to remain in the hands of the religionists. Perhaps he would have been disinterested a few years ago, but the recent headlong progress of molecular biology has presented a dilemma: Either we seize control and direct our own history to chosen ends or else we will be victimized by the momentous changes that the new biology is about to thrust upon us. Feinberg's book, while it invites the reader to overcome his ignorance by means of a hefty bibliography, quite wisely does not attempt much detail about the work of the molecular biologists. He himself was shown the handwriting on the wall by his biological colleagues. Perhaps I can summarize a summary simply by stating that Feinberg believes the biologists are about to crack the genetic code in a way that will make obsolete some of the most basic assumptions about the human condition.

What I mean by those "basic assumptions" can be handily brought out by a passage from Rudolf Bultmann's *Jesus Christ and Mythology*. Bultmann says:

> . . . it is an illusion to suppose that real security can be gained by men organizing their own personal and community life. There are encounters and destinies which man cannot master. He cannot secure endurance for his works. His life is fleeting and its end is death. History goes on and pulls down all the towers of Babel again and again.

Perhaps it is not entirely fanciful to imagine Feinberg's book as dedicated to pointing out that Bultmann—apostle of myth—is himself here presenting a view of the human condition that is more mythical than factually up-to-date.

The Prometheus Project, by Gerald Feinberg. Doubleday Anchor. 1.45 (paper)

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For death is not inevitable. It will not be many years before the biological knowledge will exist that can extend life indefinitely. If not the complete fulfillment of the old dream of immortality, such indefinite extension of life may serve as a practical substitute. What is more, the terrible aloneness of the human being in the face of his mortality may be another near future victory of biotechnology. Because it will probably be possible, soon, to create consciousnesses of a higher order than those provided by evolution for present-day humans. It may even be possible (if we should resolve to try) to create merged colonies of artificial intelligences of a high order and souped-up human consciousnesses. Such highly efficient hybrid minds may even realize the ancient dream of subjecting matter to mind. The hard density of matter would be overcome by intelligences that would—as I picture it—make the idealistic Hegelian absolute a technical reality. There could be a synthesis that swallows up and "contains" matter progressively until finally the Idea would reign supreme. This would be a world where the existentialist plaint of the "tyranny of things" would no longer be sensible, any more than would be a search for "authenticity" based on a facing of one's own death. Instead of a basic pessimism about life in this world, Feinberg has a prophetic vision that is counter-Christian and counter-existentialist, an optimistic vision of a world where practically immortal high intelligences elaborate their own goals and carry them out. Feinberg is a modern Job who uses his wits to show that he can provide his own "consolation," that he can make the fake terror of the Voice from the Whirlwind vanish in the face of human acuteness. In the brave new world to come the geneticists' laboratories and the associated manufacturing plants will stand in the place of the noble Being that Michelangelo pictures extending His hand to a man waiting to be vitalized. More directly, this is a book that shows collective man how to be his own God.

Thus the Prometheus Project. In a universe without built-in purpose, man will soon have the opportunity—it may be lost in a few years—literally to recreate himself in a variety of images. The recreation, Feinberg claims, can be accomplished democratically. For the aim of the Prometheus Project is to awaken men to their choice, inform them of the options, coordinate worldwide discussion, hold a plebiscite, and then begin to bring about whatever long-range human goals get chosen. The very same technology that allows man to transform himself into whatever he decides to become will likewise enable the choice to be free (and hopefully almost unanimous) rather than dictated from above by an elite. This is an astonishing claim if one recalls the history of nations since the discovery of propaganda, but it is one of the persistent motifs of *The Prometheus Project.* At any rate, we must imagine communication satellites spraying information over the whole world and creating a ferment of discussion that within 25 to 50 years will produce a decision on long-range human goals. While Feinberg allows himself to hope that the decision will go in a de Chardinesque direction, toward the maximizing of the extent and power of consciousness, still he stresses that the committees of devoted informants that make up the Project must be studiously neutral about the outcome of the "vote" that sets the goals for humanity. A part of the book is devoted to illustrations of possible goals selectively derived from the philosophy, religion and the imaginative literature of the pre-molecular biology world. Though he has no time for the supernaturalistic superstructures of any of these approaches, he does believe they can all be mined for their eschatological possibilities. For example, we could choose to have a world in which Nirvana (with pharmaceutical underpinnings) was the major goal; it would be a world without suffering, but a world of detached intelligences remote from the usual concerns of presently existing men. Or we could create a Faustian man, continually striving, never satisfied. Or we could decide to use our genetic know-how to make a man who lacked the aggressive component of present-day men; this would be a man who would be fated by his glands to love his neighbor rather than use the available technology to wipe him out. And these are but samples of possible mankinds. The actual permutations are as endlessly extensive, I would suppose, as the atoms in a chain of DNA.

Behind the details of the Prometheus Project there lurk two kinds of optimism that need examination—a lesser and a greater optimism.

The lesser optimism concerns the short-range problems of the human race—the bomb, war, pollution, overpopulation, race, and poverty. These problems are hardly mentioned by Feinberg. But one must assume their solution before the question of really long-range goals becomes crucial. I think that what sustains Feinberg's confidence that these "little" problems will be solved is simply his faith that human rationality will prevail, a faith that becomes explicit in the last sentence of the book which quotes Faulkner's Nobel Prize remark that "man will prevail." He suggests that the population problem could be solved in the following way: Extend the life span to 1000 years but have each woman agree (?) to bear but two children. The population would increase to fifty times the original amount and then level off instead of doubling exponentially every forty years as it now does. Feinberg, as this example may sufficiently suggest, seems to assume that reason will prevent us from becoming the victim of our own knowledge until biology allows the thoroughgoing transformation of humanity which is the ultimate goal. The solution, I fear, is only credible if the reader shares this optimistic humanism.

The greater optimism concerns the practicability of the Project itself. There are three aspects of this greater optimism that I wish to touch upon: One is Feinberg's view of the place of value in a world of neutral fact; another is the procedure by which he seeks to communicate the problem and set up long-range goals; the last is the confident hope that the world can function as a non-nationalist global village while it pursues the Project.

A perennial anomaly of a scientific world-view is the apparent unreality of moral values. Values are those

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things which *ought* to be whether they happen to be or not be. And it seems glaringly evident that a scientific inventory of existence—however minute—could not possibly turn up something whose natural description would be in terms of the "ought." What is one to do? For Feinberg can see no possibility of the revelation of values through a religious tradition, nor does he think that he can create values by application of the methods of the sciences. Yet the whole book is concerned with the construction of ultimate values to be founded upon democratic human choices, now that the old gods have been silenced by the progress of natural science. The answer that he gives is not particularly original or exciting. He sets forth a brand of ethical naturalism, reminiscent of Ayer or Stevenson, but he does so with such brevity that it is impossible to determine just what his position is. What is clear is that values are founded upon individual emotions. But it seems evident that individual emotions—in all their paradoxical variety—are hardly adequate for group goal-making. His suggestion, therefore, is that besides individual values, there are collective values; these are norms that an informed race can agree upon. Once agreed upon, they somehow transcend the whimsy of individual decisions and acquire qualities vaguely akin to Kantian universal imperatives. And this has something to do with his adherence to decisions that are freely arrived at in an atmosphere of the best scientific information. Once virtual unanimity has been obtained as a result of the activity of the Project's information committee, Feinberg seems to think that all mankind has an obligation to pursue the goals collectively set. At this point, ethical naturalism has been tacitly thrown overboard. Collective goals can only be good in a personally transcendent sense if Feinberg has won the agreement of his readers on certain prior values—the goodness of freedom, the goodness of democratic assent, for example—in advance of polling the human race. And none of this makes much sense, either, unless one grants the author the hybrid factual-moral principle of the basic rationality of men. Otherwise the collective choice of mankind, free and democratic though it might be, could be both stupid and wicked. Perhaps Feinberg is right about all this, but if he is, it is because he shares in the objectivist ethics of the Age of the Enlightenment. His faith is nothing more than a recapitulation of the secular humanism of someone like Locke or Jefferson. But, since the buoyant optimism of the 18th century Enlightenment, this faith has been rejected or severely questioned by almost every post-modern secular thinker. The horrors of the first half of the 20th Century, while they have yet to reestablish traditional religions, have hardly justified the just-as-traditional faith of the Age of Reason. But Feinberg's Project rests squarely upon these unsteady pillars of faith. Such a faith, it seems evident, has no foundation in any scientific inference. Progress or lack of progress in biology or in the associated technology has done nothing to buttress the old natural rights doctrine or the inherent reasonableness of man doctrine which stand at the basis of Locke's parliamentarism and which support the whole tradition of Western liberalism. Still worse, if Feinberg's ethical naturalism is reinvoked here, his own adherence to these collective values is simply an individual emotional preference on his part which tells us nothing of the capacity of mankind to create itself anew and choose its own directions.

But even if we are convinced by Feinberg's Enlightenment faith, even if we are convinced that collective mankind can set appropriate goals for itself, the question remains: How do we go about getting these decisions made and made rapidly? The answer of the book is that this is to be accomplished by a series of committees. A committee will be formed to inform the race of the perils and opportunities about to be thrust upon it by the biologists, a discussion of possible goals will be produced, and finally there will be, when the moment seems ripe, a referendum which will set the goals. A second committee then becomes an Authority and sets about to implement the goals that have been decided upon. It goes without saying that these committees are to be composed of very remarkable people. They must be wise and monkishly devoted to their difficult tasks, yet free from every taint of self-interest or nationalist bias. They must ascetically dedicate themselves to serving the general will even if the general will stands opposed to their own personal loyalties and standards and even if the general will seems inimical to the interests of their nation. These requirements for the members of the Prometheus Project committees are veiled extrapolations from Feinberg's personal ethic: There must be a democratic, unforced process of goal establishment. There must be no elitism, no propagandizing, no irrational conflicts of national interests. This unrealistic, tender-minded moralism is an oddity within the ethic of a tough-minded scientific world outlook. I doubt that Feinberg could have made this proposal if he was by profession an historian rather than a physicist. Nothing in the history of mass movements and their ideologies supports the notion that the Prometheus committees could be staffed with the kind of personnel that Feinberg has specified. Feinberg's rather strained optimism is well brought out by the following remark made in the context of a discussion of the committee's effectiveness:

> No mass movement has yet encompassed all of humanity, but the step from 25 percent, the amount involved in, say, Christianity, to nearly 100 percent *may not be too difficult*, particularly in view of the advance in communications. (p. 194)

The italics are mine, and I think it must be pointed out to Feinberg that Christianity was not established by preparing the population through factual information about an approaching crisis via a committee. Nor were the decisions taken by those who were converted "rational" in any sense congruent with the rationality upon which Feinberg bases his book. Setting aside the meaning of revelation in any theological sense, it seems plainly evident that the phenomenon of adopting a religious conviction is to be understood as a matter of non-logical persuasion by some commanding figure whose charisma

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cuts through the tedium and despair of the mundane world and appears to the convert to be an interjection into his personal time of some eternal verity. Such an awareness is an ecstatic, highly emotional state, rarely mediated by the drawing of deliberate conclusions from a stack of factual information. While what I have just said cannot stand even as a passable summary of the psychology of religious conversion, still it does illustrate that Feinberg's willingness to believe that the informed rational man can join in an eschatological consensus with his fellow-men is psychologically and sociologically unrealistic. Whatever information may be given in the course of persuading men to adopt collective goals is usually unimportant, and usually factually suspect; the emphasis is always upon persuasion and leadership in an atmosphere of crisis from which the leader and his shock troops promise to rescue the confused and groping multitude. Hitler and Mussolini, like Jesus or Mohammed, accomplished conversions to long-range goals on a much more modest scale than the Prometheus Project intends. If they had tried to do what they did with Feinbergian methods they would have been completely stifled in their careers. To be fair, it should be remembered that Feinberg himself modestly says that collective goals are merely agreed-upon emotions. What I have tried to point out in this section is that Feinberg's moral rationalism gets oddly mixed with his ethical naturalism; he seems to think that the emotions that must be invoked to get agreement on eschatological directions can be easily harnessed to our rational faculties. I think he is tragically mistaken.

But, as before, let us suppose that we had found men talented enough to do the work of the Prometheus committees and yet self-effacing enough and world-minded enough to refrain from seeking personal power or exercising the ambitions which would unmanageably corrupt the entire Project. The last question I wish to raise is this: What will the committees do to render impotent the purveyors of the most realistic long-term goals the world now has—the powerful nations of the world? Feinberg is alive enough to the problem to stipulate that the Prometheus committees must be chastely devoted to the forwarding of the presumedly nonnationalist goals turned up by polling all mankind. Yet he wants the nations of the world to support the Project (and its cost would be colossal) without insisting upon an influence on the outcome. The present United Nations organization may be the closest analogue of what Feinberg has in mind and the UN's lack of ability to overcome the handicaps of nationalist support while attempting to forward international order is notorious. I can hardly criticize Feinberg for failing to produce a solution to the problem I have just suggested. He gives no solution because he seems to be aware of no Gordian difficulty. He merely says that "I think we would be justified in establishing a priority for the goals of the race over the goals of smaller groups whenever these conflict." (p. 214) If the "we" is the Prometheus committee, the paper priority is simply worthless until a way is found to make nations yield up their sovereignty—not to a world-government but to a committee of media specialists whose salaries they are paying! National power has never been noted for its rational exercise. It is virtually certain that there would be serious conflicts between the recommendations of the Project and the short-term interests of the big nations. In the crunch the power of the nations would easily nullify the decisions of the Project. About as much attention would be paid them as the nations who decide on nuclear weapons' budgets pay to the decisions of the Pugwash Conference. While it is perfectly true, as McLuhan and others tell us, that the world is rapidly becoming a global village and nationalism is becoming an impossible anachronism, it is also true that the real religion of the world's populations is still nationalism. That faith is gaining rather than losing adherents. So I think it is just inconceivable that the nations are going to freely decide to abolish their own prerogatives. As in the case of the formation of traditional religions, the provision of knowledge and information is not the way to win men to a change of heart. To convert the world from nationalism to Prometheanism will take more than a committee. That the world cannot survive either biological anarchy or nationalist anarchy may well be true. But that truth is pale and trivial beside the problem of finding a way to make the whole world both a convert to that vision of truth and a society of reasonable men at the same time. Feinberg thinks that we ought to "try" the Prometheus Project. I cannot agree. It is a scheme doomed to failure before it begins.

The basic motives of the Project, whether we think it worth actually attempting or not, do still command our attention. Despite Feinberg's choice of a rather colorless literary style, the basic motives are repetitively clear. For Feinberg belongs in a long tradition of impatient humanity, beginning with Adam and Eve, who are irritated with the chance gifts of evolution and who hunger for the prerogatives that are assigned to God.

Two of his statements make this point unmistakably obvious: He says ". . . a man is anything we call one" (p. 162) and "The most serious fault in the human condition lies in our finitude" (p. 40). The nominalism of the first statement justifies manipulation of our own genetic material to make a new man and the second is simply a statement of the *hubris* of our First Parents, which God found so threatening that he expelled them from the Garden. Feinberg yearns to return in triumph to Paradise and, having eaten of the apple, proposes to compound the disobedience by coveting the Tree of Life. Though Feinberg never mentions this instructive Near Eastern myth, his Project readily lends itself to analysis in its terms. Condemned by a (fictitious) God to grub in the dust to make the sour earth yield a living, only to be rewarded by suffering and death, man's state seemed hopeless. Even evolutionary development, while it brought scattered benefits, did not reward man's insatiable will with what it most wanted—unlimited power. The great discovery, only completely visible in mid-20th Century, is that the Greeks were right—ignorance is the only sin and knowledge the only virtue. Modern knowledge and

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technics have shown us that man can take onto himself the reality of what past generations only put in the form of a hidden wish-fulfillment— the power to create his own essence and establish a democratic eschatology. It is no sin to yearn for eternal life and unlimited power of the mind because science has its own Tree of Life ready to bud and the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil has turned out to be no more than a collective appraisal of men's informed wills. The reason in us and the feelings that drive us have now been raised to Deity (or as close to it as the facts will allow) and we can look forward to a realer gratification than all the dreams of Heaven afford. We will give ourselves what the will really has longed for through its haze of guilt—omnipotence. Just what that omnipotence will be cannot even be stated before it is achieved. As I earlier mentioned, Feinberg sees our millenial state as something like highly conscious colonies of ghostly minds thinking about themselves thinking, in something of the style of a cloud of Aristotelian unmoved movers.

I have before found Feinberg impractical. Now, however, I find him disturbing for a very different reason. For the Feinbergian heresy must overthrow a very old analysis of the human being. It is found in the Christian and Jewish tradition, but it also surfaces in some of the Greeks. The tragedians saw the proud man who ventures beyond his proper human sphere being inevitably cast down by the workings of the Law whose jealous guardians the gods were. Oedipus thought he had beat their game, only to learn that his wisdom was actually blind ignorance. The Christian argues that man's own nature, separated from God, is just as inevitably flawed. Man's uninstructed desires lead him into an eventual agony that emptily beckons with the demonic promise of total fulfillment. Feinberg has added little to the ancient dreams of Adam and Eve, who wanted to make themselves God, except for a supposedly more efficient technology. As for this reviewer, I hardly know which alternative is the less attractive—to give oneself up to the deicide of the Project or to embrace the chafing limitations that ancient tradition places upon the scope of man's will. What does seem to emerge from the contrast is that man's ability to make himself and his own moral law is highly questionable, judging from man's short history and his prospects as a user of science and technology. But what also emerges is the apparent inability of the ancient theistic creeds to grasp the mind and heart of a modern man with enough convincingness to prevent him from rushing toward Armageddon.

I am tempted to think that these two alternatives divide the world between them. Though there are thousands of variations on the two basic themes—still that is man's choice, either to make himself his own god or to yield his impatient will to some Augustinian providence and piously await his end.

Who Will Do Our Fighting for Us?, by George E. Reedy. World. 3.95

This short essay is primarily an exposition and defense of the Burke Marshall Commission's findings on the draft. Reedy's tone is judicious and gentlemanly throughout. He almost never calls his opponents bad names. Yet he concludes that most of the current proposals to abolish the draft are hopelessly unrealistic, and that much of the resistance to the draft, especially on college campuses, stems from self-serving rather than idealistic motives.

The opponents of the draft may be grouped roughly into three categories, two of which are very small, and one very large, in number. First there are the out-and-out revolutionaries who are convinced the present American political establishment is so immoral that its writ has no validity. The draft is opposed by this group because it is one of the most effective means of defending the existing system. They want the draft destroyed because they want the entire American constitutional system destroyed. Mr. Reedy does not address himself to this group. He rejects their premises, but acknowledges their consistency. He at least admits them to be morally conscientious.

The second small group consists of the extreme pacifists, the so-called "conscientious objectors". Again, while doubting their premises, he acknowledges their consistency. He even defends a liberalization of the present law to include in this category all those who believe themselves to be under a categorical imperative not to kill, even though they do not believe this imperative is grounded in the will of a divine being. He advocates exempting this group on the grounds that their heart is in the right place, and because, given the terrible psychological burdens of their stance, they can be counted on to remain few in number.

But the third, and by far the largest category of opponents to the draft, are of an entirely different moral stripe. This group includes, says Reedy, the majority of those college students opposed to the draft. Their motives are not primarily moral in nature. They do not oppose all war on principle. Nor do they believe the present social and political system, in which they are about to secure lucrative careers, ought to be abolished. They object to military service because it is *distasteful* and *inconvenient* to them, not because it is immoral.

This point of view was nicely expressed by a Brandeis University student whom Reedy quotes.

"If somebody else wants to fight this war, it's O.K. with me. I just don't feel that I should be asked to fight it."

It is this position which Reedy rejects as suffering not only from questionable premises, but from a blatant moral inconsistency as well. What do we mean here by a "moral inconsistency"? We mean something broader than mere *verbal* inconsistency. It is a species of the sort of *pragmatic* inconsistency which can obtain between what one *says* one believes, and what one's actions *show* that one believes. A burglar who protests a police seizure of the goods he has stolen, by an

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appeal to a citizen's right to security of his property, exemplifies such an inconsistency. His acts of thievery show that he does *not* recognize any such general right, despite his verbal protestations to the contrary.

Reedy in effect claims that the average college draft protestor is in as indefensible a moral position as is this hypothetical burglar. For if like the Brandeis student he does not object to the war's being fought *so long as someone else fights it,* so long as he is willing to help the government and society fighting the war with "alternative service" and is willing to accept a comfortable and well paid position in that same government or society, his actions show that he *does not really believe* what his country is doing is immoral.

The non-revolutionary student draft protestor could avoid this harsh judgment by showing that the draft is unnecessary; by showing, for example, that it could be replaced by some viable alternative such as President Nixon's proposed "all volunteer" army. It is precisely this proposal which draws Reedy's most powerful criticisms. He seems to have been especially irked by the political mileage which President Nixon got out of it. For according to Reedy, President Nixon's "new proposal" turns out on examination to be precisely our *present* military manpower policy!

This country has always had an "all volunteer" army in time of peace to keep up on military science and to provide the nucleus for expansion during times of actual warfare. The 1940 draft law provided for an automatic end to draft calls in time of peace, when this core cadre alone would be sufficient for our military needs. We actually had President Nixon's sort of "all volunteer" army, Reedy reminds us, for long periods of time between 1947 and 1949. And our army was *virtually* "all volunteer" again from 1960 to 1965.

The problem then, is not whether to have an all volunteer army in times of peace as President Nixon has proposed. It is, rather, whether we can and should have an all volunteer standing army *large enough* to fight our "hot" wars too. The practical problem here, is that there is good reason to doubt that such an army *could* be raised and maintained for any sum of money which the peacetime economy could sustain. But it is the political and moral objections which are really decisive. As Reedy points out:

"It is passing strange that in these times of concern over the military industrial complex, so many people are willing to add to the strength of that complex by granting it a mercenary army—one which will be beholden only to its leaders (in the Pentagon)."

Reedy's case against an all volunteer peacetime army large enough to fight our "hot" wars, was forcefully stated over 600 years ago by Machiavelli, who wrote in *The Prince:*

"Mercenaries . . . are useless and dangerous, and a leader having his state built on mercenary armies will never be secure. Troops of this sort are disunited, ambitious, undisciplined, and faithless, swaggering when among friends and cowardly in the face of the enemy; . . . Ruin is postponed only so long as the assualt is postponed; in times of peace you are despoiled by them and in time of war by the enemy. The reason is that they have no other interest or incentive to hold the field, save only their moderate pay, which is not enough to make them willing to die for you."

Machiavelli's arguments against having a large peacetime all volunteer army have never been answered, because they are unanswerable. This point is a commonplace among historians who have considered the effects of such an army on the democratic institutions of a republic. *Susceptibility* to being called for military service simply has to be a *condition of citizenship* in such a democratic state. For it is only when the military is dependent on the general body of citizens for its "cannon fodder", that those citizens can be reasonably sure of their control of the state through democratic institutions.

Reedy concludes, then, that *some* form of the draft is indispensible. But he does *not* believe that the present draft law is nearly as equitable as it could be. And the greatest inequity of all, of course, is the system of deferments which has allowed college students—the most favored and advantaged segment of our population—to avoid those dangerous and unpleasant duties of citizenship which then had to be borne by the least favored segments of our population: the poor, the black, and the uneducated.

These deferments for advanced schooling and for "critical occupations" did have a place in the 1940 law. For it was tailored to meet the needs of a general mobilization and a general war, which would then be fought to total victory or total defeat. But, Reedy argues, the situation has been completely changed by the introduction of nuclear weapons. Today such a general war would be futile, since the probable outcome would be the total annihilation of all parties to the conflict. So the post W.W. II period has been marked by a series of limited wars, fought for the purpose of *avoiding* such a general war. In this situation, the original justification for educational and occupational exemptions simply do not apply.

These exemptions would be justified in times of total mobilization for two reasons; first, because the defense plants would have to be staffed to maintain the war effort; and second, because the astronomical mortality rates of a general war would threaten to decimate the *class* of the trained and educated, which would then have deleterious social consequences.

But in a limited war like Korea or Vietnam, neither of these reasons apply. There is no problem finding enough trained civilians to run the defense plants. And given the size of our contingent in S. E. Asia (about 500,000 men on one year tours), and the current rates of mortality (about 200 men a week), there would be no threat to the existence of the *class* of the trained and educated even if our contingent there was composed exclusively of our 700,000 registered graduate students.

The only *real* problem of the draft, Reedy concludes, is "Who should go when not all have to go". Since there

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is no compelling reason, in terms of social utility, why some one class of citizens should be exempted from susceptibility to military service, the only defensible choice, says Mr. Reedy, is one made *without reason;* that is, by a lottery.

The reader may not find Reedy's arguments as compelling as this reviewer does. But regardless of one's conviction, anyone concerned about the moral issues surrounding the draft should find Reedy's discussion helpful and illuminating. For example, his discussion of the "selective" conscientious objector (that is, one who objects not to *all* wars as immoral, but only to certain *particular* wars, such as Vietnam), is of interest to all parties to the debate.

The "Introduction" by Senator Edward M. Kennedy seems to be largely decorative, and can be safely ignored. So too can Chapters 6 and 7, which, while of interest in themselves, are somewhat off the main line of Mr. Reedy's argument. The rest of the book can be easily read within an hour, and is well worth that modest investment of time.

—Fred Hallberg

The Dark Child, by Camara Laye. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 5.95

Nomads of the Long Bow, by Allan R. Holmberg. Natural History Press. 1.95

Keep the River on Your Right, by Tobias Schneebaum. Grove. 5.95

In the past decade, there has been an increasing awareness of the need for revaluation of "primitive" cultures of the near and ancient past. A new history is now being written; it is unfolding in dynamic shapes which can only be dimly perceived at this time. No final settlement is possible in the near future because the documents by which this new history will order itself must await their own enactment. One primary difficulty will be the re-definition of "primitive" which will do justice to the spiritual sense informing many of these cultures. Reassessment of the past is certain, but the process of the search will always be impaired by the many years of neglect. Seized by a new urgency, the historian will gather in the present moment for his future purposes. The three books which comprise the substance of this review essay are contributions of the present to that distant time when history will re-write itself—a more largely encompassing statement of our modern world unfolding out of the recesses of the past.

Camara Laye's *The Dark Child* is a poetic statement of that tender, if regretful, release into adulthood. Different from, but parallel with the initiation ceremonies of D. H. Lawrence, Joyce, and Thomas Wolfe, Laye's achievement is without the anguish and doubt which accompany these stories of the soul's journey to the light. *The Dark Child* is an autobiography, the education of a young man, but the most powerful element of the work is not the struggle toward adulthood, but the scenes in which that transformation takes place. Born at Kouroussa, in French Guinea, Laye is a child of an old civilization, a society rich in ancient ritualism. The book exerts its lyric charm in the aura of dignity and respect which surround the tale he tells of his family and his people. Laye is intent to evoke for the reader the simple life of a dark child on the great plain of Guinea.

The first impressions of his father and mother are portraits of two people whose lives move between an ancient belief in magic and a real world of human action. Viewed from the eyes of a child, the parents are possessed of a magical and powerful knowledge, but as they touch his tender life, their force is love. The section of the book in which he recounts these parental impressions expands to reveal a portrait of a culture, one torn between a simple belief in the world of supernatural dreams, and a quality of human dignity and personal respect imitative of Jesus and Christian morality.

Laye's impressions move from these early memories of early childhood to his experiences in the local village school. What he recounts is a pattern of events that is repeated in the life of any school boy: the horse-play, little triumphs in games, the bureaucratic unfeeling of some teachers, a first friendship, the awakening to the world of girlish charm. The very ordinariness of these events, the accumulation of experiences and sensitivity and insights, is remarkable in expansion itself. Laye is emphasizing not the unique and the unusual; his development as a mind and as a man was not accomplished by the passage through fiery experience. He was shaped by life's more ordinary, and therefore more subtle, forces—love, tenderness, friendship, respect, honor. The forces work their will by indirection, by examples and models from his culture.

Told with reticence and sincerity, the final scenes from this autobiography convey its most delicate import. As a promising young student, Laye has been offered an opportunity to study in Paris for an extended period. In an elusive way, he realizes that this opportunity is the fulfillment of his hopes; it is the turning path to independence. He knows that he must accept the challenge, but he is filled with regret and nostalgia for what he must leave behind—a home of love and a place of happiness. The choice is to accept the denser world, to leave the place of innocence. There is no sense of revolt or rejection of the past—only the certain knowledge that the time of independence has arrived.

Allan R. Holmberg's *Nomads of the Long Bow* (The Natural History Press, 1969) is a scientific work of applied anthropology. It provides an interesting contrast to *The Dark Child,* a study of peoples filtered through an imaginative perspective. First printed in 1950 by the Smithsonian Institution, Holmberg's work is a more orderly, less impressionistic, study of the surviving Paleothic Sirionos of Eastern Bolivia. A new and in many respects an extraordinary Paleolithic experience, *Nomads of the Long Bow* explores a far more isolated and primitive culture, one in which the peoples band together only to fight the frustrations of hunger. A culture without property, politics, money, religion, familial ties, or social institutions of any kind, the

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Sirionos are consumed with assuaging the primary and instinctual drives of hunger.

Because the Sirionos are basically a rootless people, they have developed few cultural and social ties. One extreme example of the consequences of this rootlessness is their attitude towards age, sickness and death. Those who are no longer able to keep up with the roving hunt for food are left behind to become carrion victims. There is no feeling of regret, but an instinctual recognition of the reality of the ever-present drive of hunger. If a member cannot contribute to the hunt, he is simply left to die.

Romantic love is a concept foreign to the Siriono. Sex, like hunger, is a drive to be satisfied. Sexual attitudes are consequently not inhibited by modesty and decorum, nor much enhanced by ideas of beauty and charm. Generally a fat girl is preferred, but even this notion of erotic bliss will break down under the conditions of desire. Since chastity is not a virtue, there are few occasions when sex is taboo among the Siriono. There is a complete lack of sex magic among these people. The sex drive is seldom frustrated, and, perhaps because of this fact, sexual anxiety seems to be remarkably low in Siriono society.

As the Siriono Indian reaches adulthood, he displays a remarkable individualism and apathy toward his fellow tribesmen. Frequently, a man may depart for the hunt alone—without so much as a goodbye; he may remain away from the band for weeks at a time without any concern on the part of the tribe members or even his wife. To the modern American reader, the life of the Siriono will seem raw and brutish. Yet these isolated Indians have made a relatively heroic adjustment to a harsh environment and to a culture which offers little reward. Holmberg concludes that the Siriono data "would indicate that man in the raw state of nature—and the Siriono may be regarded as the quintessence of such a man—is anything but co-operative, generous, submissive, or kind."

There are incompatible and vast differences between the Siriono Indians and the peoples of Camara Laye's culture. On one hand, the Sirionos are bereft of any human tenderness, but one can understand the sources of this great omission. On the other side, Laye's people—while still emmeshed in a belief of primitive magic—are shaped by a richer, more verdant land. Human love can flourish in a more amenable environment. These two books present stages of differing culture, but one is brutish, one very tender. The significant element is one of a very different matter of conditions. Any new forms of behavior must be carefully determined with regard to the already established patterns of feelings, thinking, and action, a fact which the well-documented knowledge of applied anthropology makes vitally clear.

In his concluding chapter, written years after he had collected the original data comprising a main body of his study, Holmberg recounts the fate of the Sirionos after they had been absorbed into the "white" civilization on the Bolivian rubber plantations. "Absorbed" is too strong a word to describe the transition of the Paleolithic primitives: "domesticated" is the euphonic term; "exploited" is the most accurate description of their new plight. Regretful of his own part in bringing "civilization" to the Sirionos, Holmberg wonders if they will survive as a unique peoples—or perhaps—like a rare, rare species, they are doomed to extinction.

Both Laye's and Holmberg's works are centers of speculation, points from which new and fruitful perceptions about the shape and meaning of our modern world can be made. Also dealing with an isolated and primitive peoples, Tobias Schneebaum's *Keep the River on Your Right* does not provide a solid base for the same kind of useful reflections which emerge from the two preceeding books.

Cast as a notebook or a disjointed diary, *Keep the River on Your Right* has been compared to the journals of Andre Gide. An artist traveling in the South American jungles, Schneebaum sets down his highly personal experiences among the Akaramas Indians in remote Hitapo. As a frame device, the notebook allows the author a great deal of latitude in narrating events; hence, the account is itself incomplete and without any demanding continuity.

Within a few pages, it becomes obvious to the reader that a slightly submerged homosexual impulse is operating in the vision of the author. This veiled desire for a deviant erotic pleasure is the controlling principle behind all that is recorded in *Keep the River on Your Right.* In an effort to know what it is like to feel as an untamed primitive man, Schneebaum spent many months among the truly wild Akaramas, eating their food, imitating their undress, and taking part in their nocturnal erotic rites. In a moment of transcendence and sheer epiphany, he eats human flesh, the symbolic gesture of his desire to enter into the untarnished spiritual life of primitive man.

Schneebaum concentrates on evoking a sense of communion and love by portraying his own unique experiences with isolated man. He willingly enters into a situation fraught with personal danger and even the possibility of death in order to satisfy his elusive attraction to a transcending brotherhood. The most moving episode of his venture is the loving care he extends to one of the dying natives. Mortally ill with diarrhea, the sick native is brought back to the mission outpost for help. But there is no help. Without a common language to cement their understanding, both Schneebaum and the native intuit the bond of love of one man for another.

If *Keep the River on Your Right* were freed of its subversive homosexual impulses, Schneebaum's account might be a more powerful documentary of courage and instinctual humanity. On the spiritual level, he is making a desperate effort to destroy the differences which separate man from man, but in the end, his transcending experience is dearly purchased by forfeiting every shread of civilization to the ultimate partaking of human flesh. As a portrait of a culture and as a diary of spiritual experience, *Keep the River on Your Right* is not a morally or artfully

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achieved vision, nor does it have the equal force of *The Dark Child.*

These three books represent differing facets of a new demand for a more vitalized history of primitive cultures: they are therefore contributions to an ongoing process of reshaping our consciousness of the past and its all too obvious meanings for the future. In its unique way, each book is a study of the spiritual and cultural life of the "primitive," a concept that requires continual refinement for modern man.

—*Daniel J. Cahill*

The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, edited by William Morris. American Heritage and Houghton Mifflin. 7.95 (regular edition)

English dictionaries seem to beget dictionaries. Some build on the contributions of their predecessors while others do little more than borrow, but thanks to the American dependency on *the* dictionary as an authority they all sell very well here. Probably no other culture finds its natives resorting so often to a printed lexicon of a language they have spoken all their lives.

What does the American English speaker go to a dictionary for? Since English spelling is admittedly inconsistent, perhaps as a writer of English he wants to know how to spell a word. He has a vague idea of how he would like to spell it, but he is a bit insecure, so he goes to a dictionary as if it were a word list of authoritative spellings and finds in most cases that the word has a single spelling, or a second alternative spelling for his London editors. The user of the dictionary finds the word he wants most easily if he already knows quite a bit about how it is spelled. Those with few spelling credentials find the dictionary an intimidating assistant.

Frequently the man who goes to a dictionary just wants to know what a word means. He has come across a word he does not recognize and he wants to find out what it is doing in a string of familiar words. Without the availability of a dictionary he might be forced to guess at the meaning. It is more than likely that this is the way he learned most of the words he knows. He made guesses at the meaning of each new word on the basis of the words around it. He stored the guesses for further reference in some pigeonhole of his mind, and called them out when he next encountered the word or one of its related shapes. If he did not see the word again, he efficiently forgot it, and good for him.

Curiously, since a dictionary definition does not supply the meaning of a word, but only a generalization abstracted from typical appearances of a word, the ordinary user of the dictionary has the most luck understanding the definition if he already knows what the word means. He soon finds that he can no more expect to master the word's meaning from a dictionary definition than he can hope to enjoy chocolate cake by eating the recipe.

Occasionally a writer comes across the need for just the right word—one that will capture the precise meaning lurking somewhere in his mind, a meaning that he cannot record because he lacks the right term. So he begins a lexical search through the vocabulary of the dictionary. He is looking for a word he either cannot remember or never knew. If it is just a matter of needing to prod his memory, he may have some luck retrieving the right word by using groups of synonyms supplied by most dictionaries. He spots the word he forgot, and he is fortunately done with the dictionary. Since the meaning of the forgotten word derived from frequent acquaintance, the word-meaning combination now calls up the appropriate restrictions on its use.

However, if the dictionary user never did have a word for the meaning he wants to pinpoint, his search through the dictionary takes on a different character. Now he is looking for a word to represent his confusion. If he finds a definition that suits his problem he will also need advice about the constraints on the use of the word.

In either case, with old word or new, this sort of help must be more particular than comments like *dialectal* or *substandard*, say the editors of *The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language.* The AHD intends to offer help either to the man in search of a word he never used before, or more frequently to the man who lusts for a word he has seen but seldom used with confidence. On his way out of lexical or semantic confusion, the editors assume, he wants to avoid committing a stylistic sin. *Webster's Third International*, alleged by some critics to be without the standards of good English, attaches only one-word usage markers like *nonstandard* and several others. The editors of the AHD, however, feel that such minimal taboos fail to properly excoriate some usages. The AHD, in this case, will supply the user with a paragraph of Usage Notes that will make up for meager acquaintance—that is, make up for the fact that the reader has not yet read the kind of writing or listened to the kind of talk that would cue him to the good or bad taste involved in using this word at this juncture.

The AHD's Usage Notes do tell the writer some interesting things about the uses of a word. Some of the advice is grammatical and therefore information a non-native might need, but material of course already available to the native user of the language. Some of the advice is statistical, believe it or not. The reader is told that 64% or 71% of a usage panel of one hundred authoritative language users liked or did not like the word in one or another context. There is no breakdown of the percentages so that the reader can tell just who will be offended if he decides to confront the world with the term. Apparently anything short of 100% could caution one not to use the word that causes the division.

Incidentally, only one of the total eight hundred words treated to the Usage Notes brought out 100% agreement. "The referendum was held *simultaneous* with the election" has an adverb in bad shape. All of the one hundred agreed. In the other 799 cases the timid writer, fearing criticism from even a minority and eschewing as a result any of the words treated in the Usage Notes, could talk himself out of ever using *any* as I

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	Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 mo.	Single issue nearest to filing date
A. Total no. copies printed (Net press run)	1400	1600
B. Paid circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	21	84
2. Mail subscriptions	868	1036
C. Total paid circulation	889	1120
D. Free distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means	189	144
E. Total distribution (sum of C and D)	1078	1264
F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	322	336
G. Total (sum of E and F—should equal net press run shown in A)	1400	1600

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(signature) **Robley Wilson, Jr., Editor**

just did in this sentence, because *67% of the Usage Panel disapprove(s) of any* used in this way. It should be *all*. Yet I do not know who(m) I just offended.

Some readers will feel that the advantage of this sort of usage commentary, one of the more ballyhooed features of the AHD, is negligible. But the AHD has lots of other things to be proud of.

There are three to five times as many words in any desk dictionary as there are in the head of the average Ph.D. candidate, so the AHD can claim to be only a little more useful because it has six times as many. But what is most exciting about the AHD is the format. The design chosen by the editors of the AHD makes the book remarkably more readable than many earlier dictionaries. It is true that the package is bulkier than most desk dictionaries, but the handsome pages display slightly larger type and plenty of well-planned white space separating the entries. Larousse-like illustrations fill the generous margins, making the book as much fun as a stack of *National Geographics*. Marilyn Monroe helps define *decolletage*, for example. The pronunciation key at the bottom of each page is unfortunately cluttered, but both the beginning and end words for each page sensibly appear in the outer ears and offer real help for quick riffling.

Predictably in keeping with the trend for each new dictionary to justify itself, the AHD has a half-dozen or more cursory but scholarly articles addressed to the knowledgeable or the curious weighting down the front of the book. In an appendix at the back of the book an astounding collection of freshly clarified and English-related Indo-European roots presents itself. This is a surprising addition to the work because the publicity releases declared that the AHD would be directed to the practical writer. Very few writers that I know, especially the practical ones, care very much about Indo-European roots, but this list may show them what good fun they have been missing.

An early announced motivation for the AHD was the desire of James Parton, President of American Heritage, to take a stand on usage that was socially or literarily suspicious. *Webster's Third*, specifically, did not do this, said Parton. But it seems to me that this much advertised disagreement between two lexicographical philosophies has become more of a merchandising ploy than a substantive argument. The usage markers of the criticized *Webster's Third* were despite the allegations quite helpful, and so are the Usage Notes of the AHD. The Usage Notes are not generically different from the usage markers of *Webster's Third*. In eight hundred cases they are just a little longer.

The genuine contribution of the AHD is a stylish showcase for American lexicography. The AHD is a good book and a surprising buy for as little as $7.95.

—Richard Brook

Sherwood Anderson's Memoirs, edited by Ray Lewis White. University of North Carolina. 15.00

If the stories of *Winesburg, Ohio* are classics to you, read *Sherwood Anderson's Memoirs*. Not that the *Memoirs* pretend to be the rest of the story; they are just another attempt to be honest. The tone is that of a man who has lived faster than he has been able to write, lived more than he has been able to take in.

Human, Anderson was a man of opposites. Married four times, a successful businessman who turned his back on Babbittry to write, a slick copy writer who yet was one of the first to discover the buried life of American characters, Anderson continually recoiled from things within himself. "I have always, from the beginning, been a rather foxy man, with a foxiness at times approaching slickness." He despised such slickness, appealing at the outset of the *Memoirs:* "A man should occasionally, it seems to me, arise from among us, strip himself, stand naked before his fellows." The *Memoirs* are his last attempt to discover whatever meaning he has missed in his own life.

The technique of confession itself is the discovery. Confessing shame at the poverty he was always on the

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verge of growing up in, he rages at his father for neglecting his mother and the children. Yet he recalls with awe a single moment when his father took him swimming, as if baptizing him into an unspeakably close union, a union which could have healed all hurts if only they could have maintained it. Reduced to simplest terms, the *Memoirs*—like the stories of *Winesburg, Ohio*—seem to say exactly that: if there could only be real communion among people, the world would cease to be a lonely place.

Understandably a continual autobiographer (in such as *A Story Teller's Story*, and *Tar: a Midwest Childhood*), Anderson died before compiling his final memoirs, leaving some 3,000 pages of disparate material. Newly edited by Ray Lewis White, the present book attempts to let Anderson speak frankly in his own voice. (Professor White emphasizes that his is a new transcription, a new book, not simply a correction of Paul Rosenfeld's 1942 text of the same title.) This one reads as I imagine an author of such obsessive curiosity would have written it—clipped, episodic, less concerned with style than with insights, more pressed for discovery than completeness.

We wonder on every page whether the boy and the man called Sherwood are factual or romanticized, or perhaps made up completely out of fantasy; White concludes that "fact and fancy in Sherwood Anderson are inseparable." And Anderson himself confesses that many of his most familiar real-life relations are blurred to him now after imagination has worked them over for so many years. Yet this only makes the book more worthwhile, for we begin to realize just what matters to a writer like him—not just the incident of a boy named Sherwood volunteering for war, or a grown man named Anderson peeping into a neighbor's window, but what he learns from such buried episodes in a man's life—the haughty, shameful gestures of a human being's quest for discovery and communion. This voyage of discovery, this life relived once more with feeling, is an exciting adventure.

—Walter R. McDonald

Theatre Journal

Black Is Box-Office

In his last novel *Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone*, James Baldwin describes the rise of a young Negro actor in the New York theatre. The time of the actor's apprenticeship is the 1940's, when there were very few parts for Negro actors to play; his uphill struggle seems almost like a crucifixion, so that even his eventual success leaves him embittered. Baldwin's novel may very well have been true of the difficulties a Negro actor faced only a generation ago, but it does not seem so true of the opportunities for the Negro actor today. The current theatre season in New York is a testimony to the emergence of talented Negro actors and playwrights, of the rapidly multiplying opportunities for Negroes to find work in the legitimate theatre, and of the phenomenon of *black theatre*.

One of the most attractive of the plays off Broadway employing a partly Negro cast, and focussing upon the life and writing of a Negro playwright, is *To Be Young, Gifted, and Black*, currently at the Cherry Lane theatre. *To Be Young, Gifted, and Black* is about Lorraine Hansberry, author of *A Raisin in the Sun* and *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window*, whose death two years ago (while she was still in her thirties) leaves the theatre without a voice quite like her own. What is special about Miss Hansberry's writing is its combination of protest and compassionate understanding. Her anger at the treatment of the Negro in America is at times corrosive; she is committed to revolutionary social change. Yet she is never strident. Somehow she remains whole as a human being, able to love the world, even though the men who live in it—both black and white—are fallible.

To Be Young, Gifted, and Black has been adapted for the stage by Robert Nemiroff from Miss Hansberry's own words, taken from her plays, unpublished manuscripts, journals, and letters; it is given shape by an arrangement in chronological sequence of her early life in Chicago, her apprenticeship years in New York's Greenwich Village, and of her finding her vocation as a playwright. It ends with her journal entries before her death, and with an address to young writers at a Negro college to be glad they are young, gifted, *and black*, and to know that the moment has dawned for the Negro to express himself in American letters. The result is a portrait of Lorraine Hansberry that is difficult not to admire, and for the reason that Miss Hansberry's own personality has been communicated from her writing.

To Be Young, Gifted, and Black is not uniformly successful as a play, however. Some of its material is too fragmentary or ephemeral (much of it was not intended for the stage); and it is a comment on the play that the two previous productions of Miss Hansberry's work, represented here in vignettes, are obviously better than other material from Miss Hansberry's papers. Perhaps the best, single vignette, from *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window*, deals with the horror felt by a young woman from a fashionable neighborhood in Manhattan upon hearing that her sister is giving up her life as a call girl to marry a Negro whom she loves. The acting is slightly uneven also, but very strong in its two male leads who perform in multiple roles: Gary Mitchell, a brilliant character actor whose gift for nuance is conveyed in his parts as a white man nervously attempting not to show his prejudice in meetings with Negroes; and Bernard Ward, a magnetic young Negro distinctive in each of his many different parts ranging from runaway slave to Afro-Parisian sophisticate.

The contrast between *To Be Young, Gifted, and Black* and *A Black Quartet*, which plays uptown in the West Seventies, is almost violent. Even the

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quarters for *A Black Quartet* seem strangely appropriate; with its sparse and improvised stage located in the basement of a not very conspicuous building, *A Black Quartet* is in every sense *underground* theatre. The quartet is made up of four one-act plays by four different Negro playwrights —Ed Bullins, Ben Caldwell, LeRoi Jones, and Ronald Milner. The faces of all four playwrights are sketched on the playbill, emerging out of a pool of blackness, with angry or prophetic expressions. The faces are also a preparation for an evening of militant racial drama, which begins with a play called "Prayer Meeting Or The First Militant Minister," by Ben Caldwell. As the result of an unlikely meeting between a burgler and a black preacher, the preacher acquires some sense and arms himself with a pistol as well as a bible, knowing that if the white man will not respect a bible he may at least respect a gun. This opening play, which strikes me as confused, introduces an evening of uneven theatre which raps the white world and finally, in the last play by LeRoi Jones, the Negro who is willing to be the white man's Uncle Tom.

LeRoi Jones has to his credit an early play, *Dutchman*, that is a strong and dynamic expression of the irrational in racial conflict. His "Great Goodness of Life" in *A Black Quartet*, however, is typical of the way LeRoi Jones has turned away from art toward propaganda. The present play is so constricted in its allegory and message (urging the black middle class to take a more radical stance) that it is almost completely lifeless as theatre. This is not true of the best of the plays in the quartet, "The Gentleman Caller," by Ed Bullins. Bullins, who is the author of *The Electronic Nigger*, performed successfully at the American Place Theatre, gives the impression of being the most promising Negro playwright working in the New York theatre. His "The Gentleman Caller," with its abstract and absurdist quality, somewhat reminiscent of the early one-act plays of Edward Albee, is a surrealist version of the dotage and doom of the *ancien regime* in white America. A white couple (silver rather, for the actors are sprayed silver) are seen during one of their inane afternoons; the husband never speaks, and we learn later that he has already castrated himself. The ending is explosive and tragi-comic, announcing a new racial pride and power in the black man. The almost entirely black audience rose to its feet with applause.

Also on the theme of racial revenge is *The Reckoning*, playing at the St. Mark's Playhouse in the East Village, and by another Negro playwright, Douglas Turner Ward, artistic director of the Negro Ensemble Company. As one finds in the program notes, Ward is also Douglas Turner, a principal in the cast. Thus equipped with two names as well as two roles, Mr. Ward—or if you prefer, Mr. Turner —is necessarily in a position to stand or fall by *The Reckoning*. As an actor, Turner is adequate enough, although one always has the uneasy feeling that he plays himself. As a playwright, he is less fortunate. For he is, to begin with, addicted to using heavy blankets of rhetoric, making Faulkner seem like a model of direct statement. At least two of his principal characters speak with this inflated diction which no real human being has ever been heard to use. It is the apotheosis of the turgid and pseudo-poetic. And where there is so much wrong with the language of the play, it is not surprising to find that the story itself is also overblown. It is a tale of the humbling of a governor of one of the states in the deep South by a Negro (Scar) of uncertain identity and his girl friend (Baby). We are asked to believe that this strong man-governor, conceived in the mould of Huey Long, is successfully blackmailed by Scar not only into turning over his savings but also into addressing a huge throng of white bigots, asking them for moderation for the Negro. At the end, the Negro characters lounging in the governor's office grin and chuckle over their triumph; but they are smirking over nothing, for the idea is so unconvincing that not even Douglas Turner Ward could be convinced by it. A fantasy desire for the black man's revenge it is, but a believeable drama it is not.

Mr. Ward could take lessons in playwrighting from Lonne Elder, III, whose *Ceremonies In Dark Old Men*, which opened last season and is still enjoying a healthy run, is by far the best play either this season or last by a Negro playwright. *Ceremonies In Dark Old Men* is set solidly in a realistically presented Harlem. Its principal character is a Negro in his fifties, once a hoofer on the vaudeville circuit, now a barber without customers, and without much hope. His wife has died a few years before, but in a sense he has died first, failing to find a place in the mire of lackey jobs —the only ones he would be offered. Around this central figure are several children, now grown to adulthood—two shiftless sons who can accept their place in society no more than their father, and an older daughter, the mainstay of the deteriorating household, and archetypal in her role as matriach to these men wounded in their pride. And as it turns out, the only way out leads to disaster. One of the sons, an agent of one Blue Haven, a Harlem shark, peddles bootleg corn whiskey distilled in the basement of the barber shop. There is an episode of transient prosperity—the old man's hopeless fling with a young girl, an attempt to recover his pride that is as doomed as his second son, employed by Blue Haven to steal, and shot to death by a watchman by the end of the play. For this family there is no way out, caught as they are in the grip of circumstances; there is only shame and ruin and death. *Ceremonies In Dark Old Men* is not a perfect play; it borders at times on melodrama; there are possibilities of greatness that are missed. But it is suggestive enough to be memorable —never more so than in the characterization of the father, played lovingly by Richard Ward. What is important, most of all, is that Negro playwrights are finding an audience in the theatre as never before. They are being heard from, as Lorraine Hansberry predicted they would be. The young, gifted, and black are speaking. And they will have more to say.

—Robert Emmet Long

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